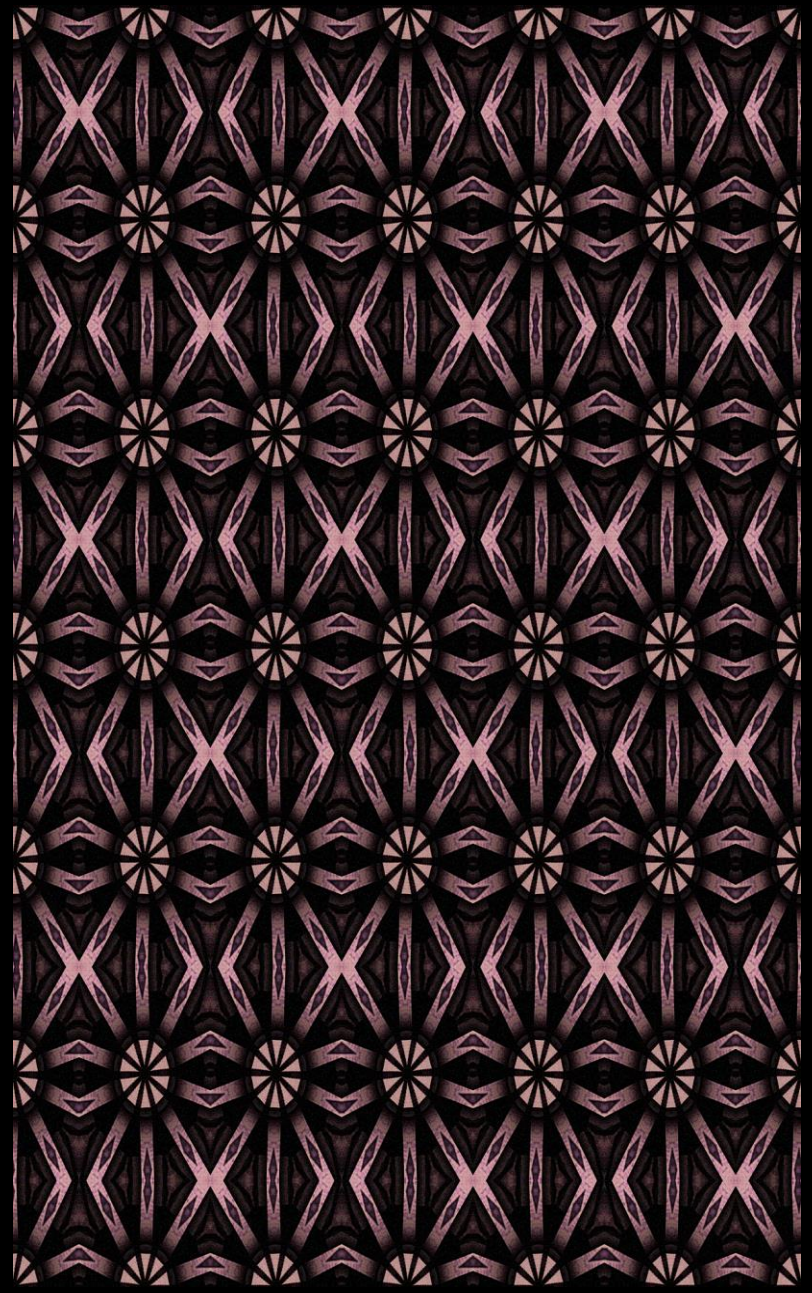
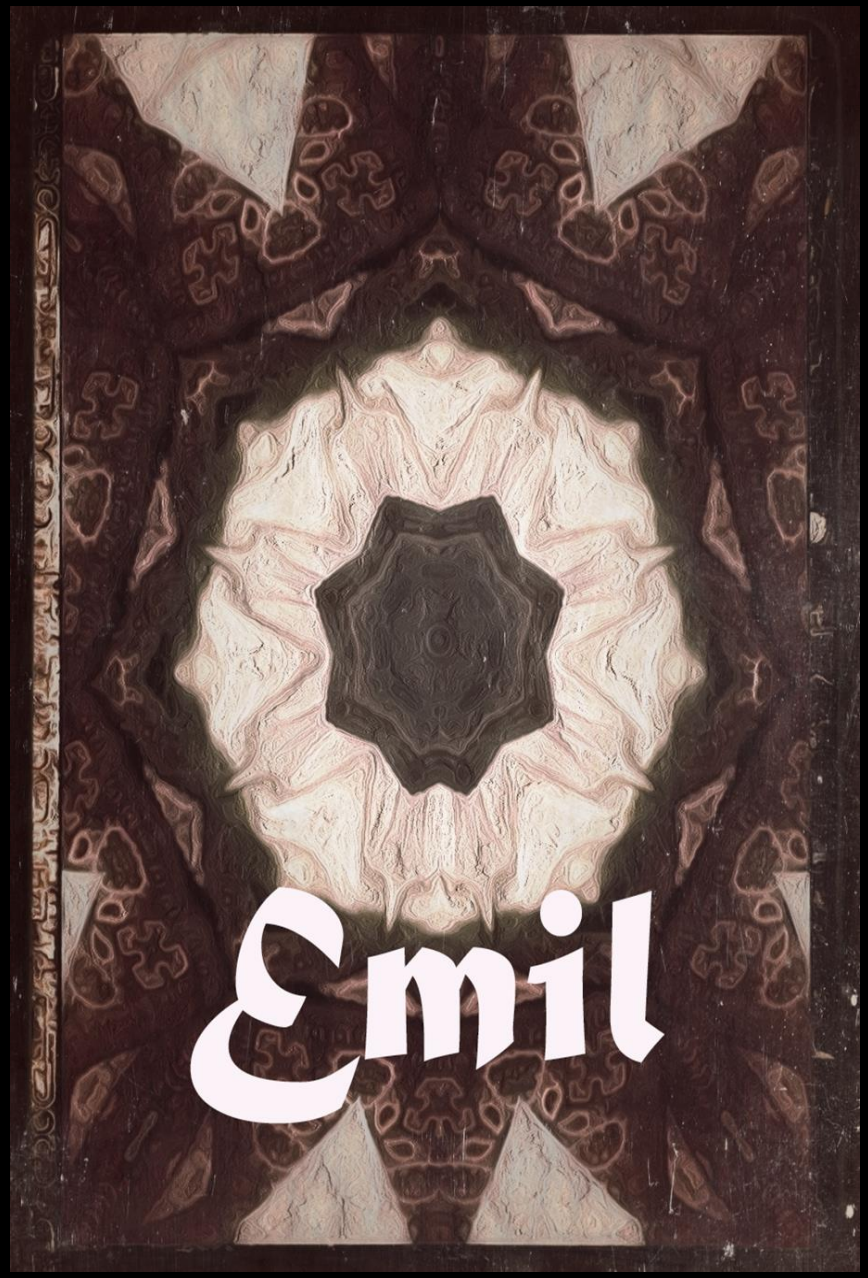


2018

A Rainy Day in Savannakhit

Emil

WWWG Productions Ltd.
Singapore



Oh my...dear readers! What in the world has Emil sent us now.?
Let me tell you, my friends, it is a long, a twisted and rather bizarre tale that is the true back story on how this volume came to us by collect postage due, from of all places, it came to us postmarked Laos.
If you are one of the few loyal, true believers who still insist on actually returning here monthly, back here and seem willing to wade through all of the weirdness that marks the Lost Lands of Emil's fried brain, even you must agree that a sleepy little town somewhere in the center of Laos is a very long way from where we left Emil in a self-proposed and flawed grail search, remember, when we last left Emil, they were searching for the lost treasure of the last Tzar, in Russia, even though no one actually believes that it is lost other than a few unscrupulous tour agencies who make a living in touting tourists fresh off the boat with dreams of adventures and buried treasure.
Equally, this is a rather odd and different collection of Emil's post modernism scribbles, mixed and blended with Persian Rugs fabrics and a taste of Hippy-dippy 1970's refractions of the secrets of the universe added as spice...Emil say's they were made on a rainy day...
Go figure? Still, it is different, it is nice and hope you agree and buy?
Seine Lagone

Greetings to all of my many…hopefully so, readers and monthly followers to include my die-heart, five or six supporters in Tokyo who have yet failed to add to their Emil collection (Thank You!) and a mockingly distasteful nod of welcome to each and all of the Jesuit-inspired, jackals – those aging hounds from hell's inner most circle, that are more commonly known by the name skip tracers and to their fellow travelers, those equally and collectively foul, those demented KGB Era collection agents who are still so hell-bent to track me down and are determined to force me pay for the remaining, unjust bills – my AOL (America On-Line) dial-up subscriptions.

If I had been too big to fail, a collective cadre of the banking or financial elite, these ancient bills would have been long forgotten but, since I am not, they track and chase me across the world in an effort to bring me to financial justice plus (now) 30 years of compounded interest and to which they are continually tacking on their own billings and additional fees, always adding their additional costs of having to tracking me down all for this original $19.99 (USF) bill from back in 1994. Justice is not cheap!

So to this day, I flee, I am a running man…a Grateful Dead song character awaiting redemption in the next Economic Collapse!

Anyway…! This as been rather tiring month full of unending turmoil and unbridled traveling and only ended when I landed in this sleepy little town (it is actually the second largest city in Laos) of Savannakhit.

This is a very nice city, seeming like a small Midwestern town with very friendly people who feel insulted if you walk by without at least a nod of “hello, “ where you still have that small town flavor and mostly, where they don’t see you as yet another faceless, foreign mark that needs to be robbed of every penny and then sent packing but, where they are helpful, kind and more than appreciative if you reflect their kindness back at them. Considering what they have been through as a nation, thinking about how many times they have been robbed of their last penny by forces that for the most part were led by people who looked surprising similar to those that they now offer and show kindness to now…mostly, because we are those people or are the children, grandchildren of those who came and tried to strip the country bare of anything of value while trying to destroy the very soul of their culture. They haven’t forgot, they have merely forgive us…similar to their cousins in VietNam? Go figure?

I was very much in need of a rest, to find a place without drama and that would allow me to just lay-a-bout and filter through over due readings, rewire my frayed nerves, mostly, get a small bit of much needed R&R before I resume my slave-like obligations for my corporate slave masters...I humor myself that I have ingratiated myself to the status of a “porch monkey” but, in fact, am still treated like the lowest, a pity-full, field hand yokel left with a balance of more debt than I could pay of in two lifetimes in the form of book advances on what they claim are non-existent book sales.

It was then that I happened upon a gem, a secret (hidden in plain sight) garden of peace and calm, it is called the Pilgrim's Kitchen and I am somewhat torn in spreading word of its existence in fear of being the creator of a Paradise Lost.

It is a truly different place that warps your mind back to the long forgotten days of its French Colonial past (in a good way) of large, high-ceiling rooms with original hardwood floors, a thickly walled room of silence where the loudest noise is your own mind thinking. So quiet, utterly peaceful and so much needed by me in order to successfully recoup from the buggers of the interesting

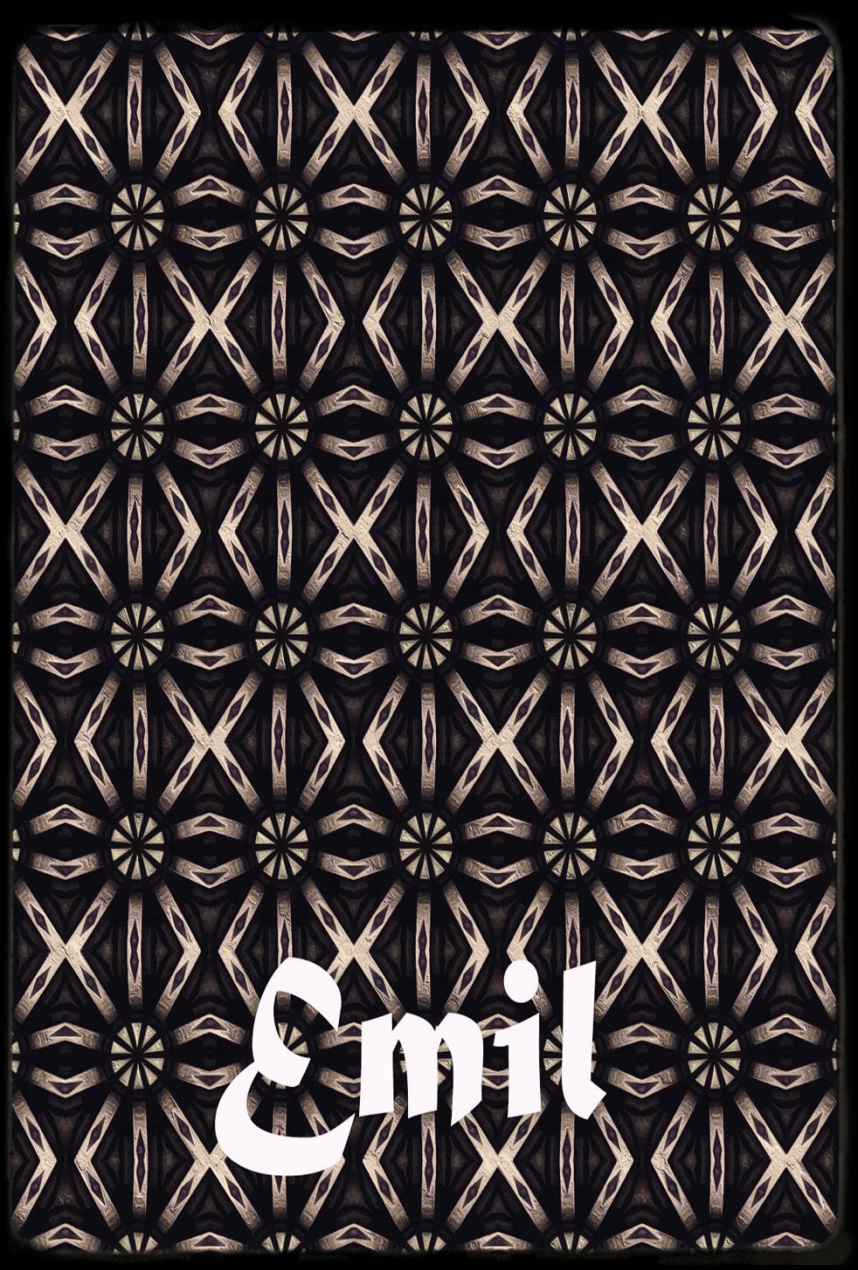
times of this year of 2018 where everyone seems to have successfully developed their own level of madness to that of a true guru master in their hatred of my old buddy, the Donald. The news media and expressly, CNN (The Clinton News Network) have took the steepest decent into the dark madness and debauchery of this “Trump Syndrome” and are so diluted that they can stand toe-to-toe with a true master of the art of the insult and even more so, that they can win against the writer of the book…just ask Teddy Cruise, Marco Rubio and Jeb “no energy” Bush who is still in therapy after he dreamed that he was up to a ten round match with the heavy-weight champion of insult…it was a very quick, first round knockout!

It’s funny in the way that he plays them and how, they have yet to catch on…I know he sits there late in the night thinking “what can I say today that will get them to melt down?”

He has their number and plays it like the master he is. It’s 1-2-3 and they explode and spent the entire news cycle in a huff about (what was it yesterday? OH YA…) how the Donald hates dogs and that this shows that he is traitor to the American way of life merely because, he doesn’t have a dog in the White House…

So clever! What genius! They never, ever, seem to see it coming!
While they spent all day bringing on dog experts to express how the lack of a dog so clearly shows how evil this president is and when one of their dog experts, with true tears dripping, calls for all true American Dog Owners (ADO?) to raise up and march upon the capital in order the dethrone the emperor and so on; the real news was left unreported and it was so utterly clear that this is what the Donald had been aiming to achieve.
No one talked about anything but, “Trump…the dog hater!”
What else happened in the world today?
Did you hear about those deadly bombing attacks by the evil, those bearded beatniks, those grunge punk-rockers, the one and the original, it was the all Tali’s-Band over there in Afghanistan?
Nothing on the terrible, US Navy corruption scandal…did ya?
Not a peep! No time! “Now back to why Trump hates dogs!”
The reason why? It is that “Trump Syndrome” which has so consumed the media, they run out of time to even tell you the weather…unless there is a way to blame the Donald and how the Donald is using weather control to keep dog lovers indoors.
Start to see how the Donald is playing these fools? Funny!

Emil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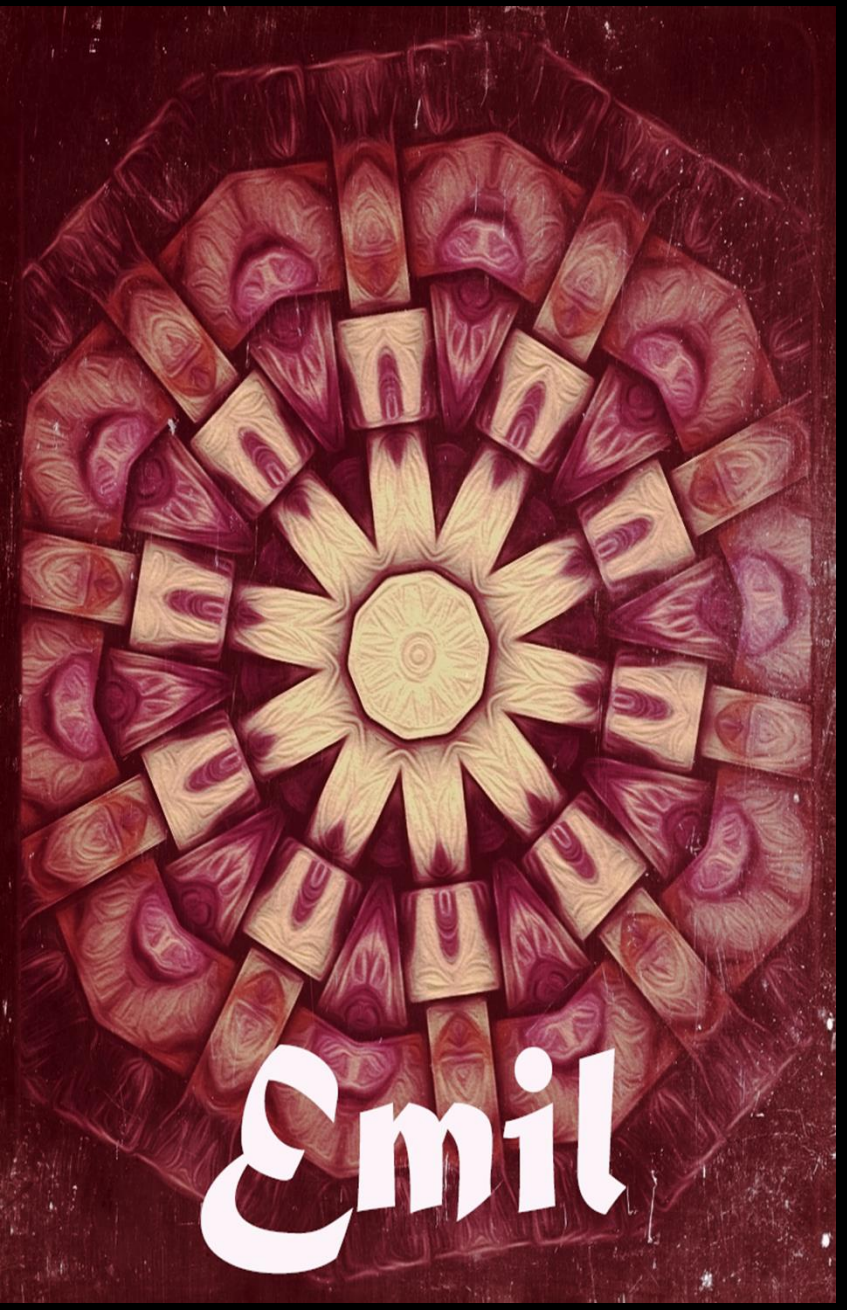
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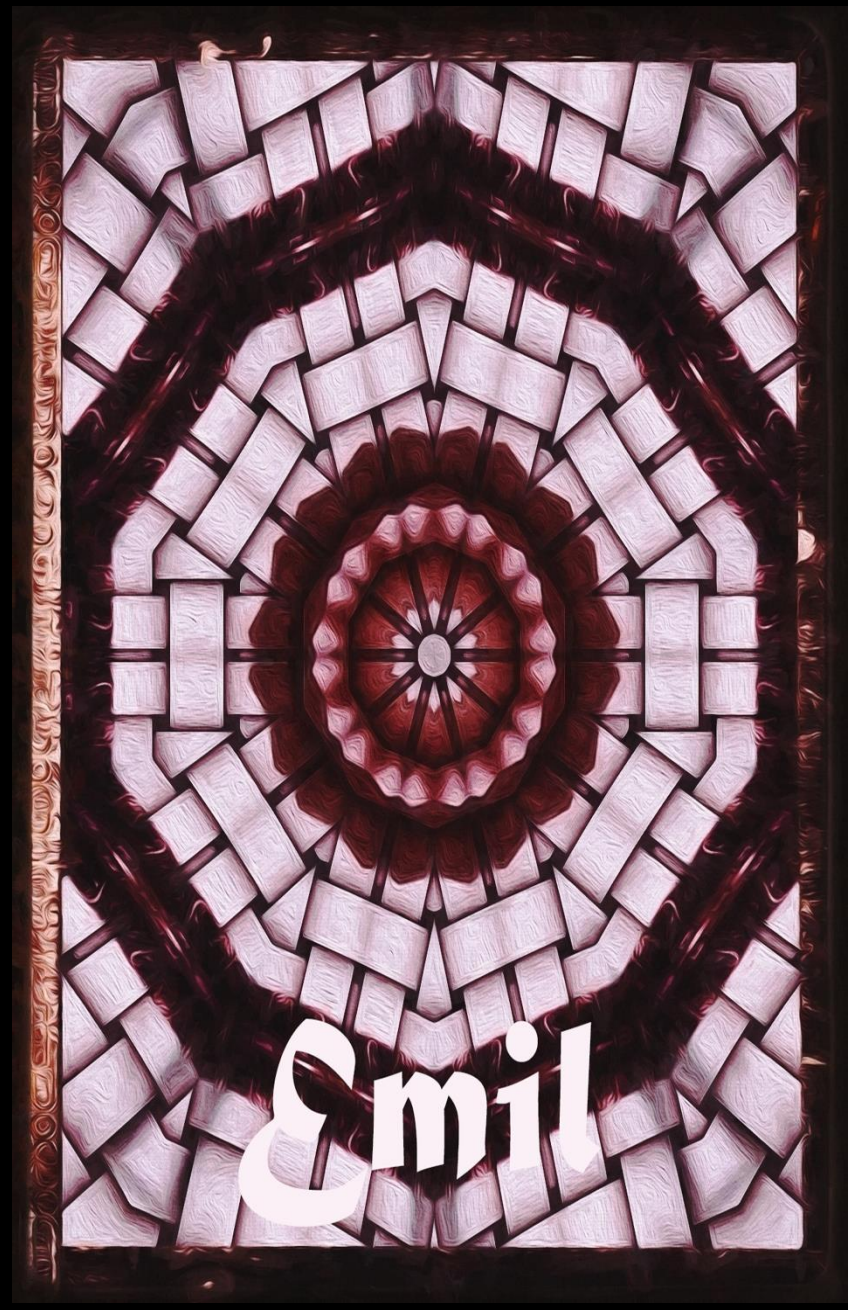
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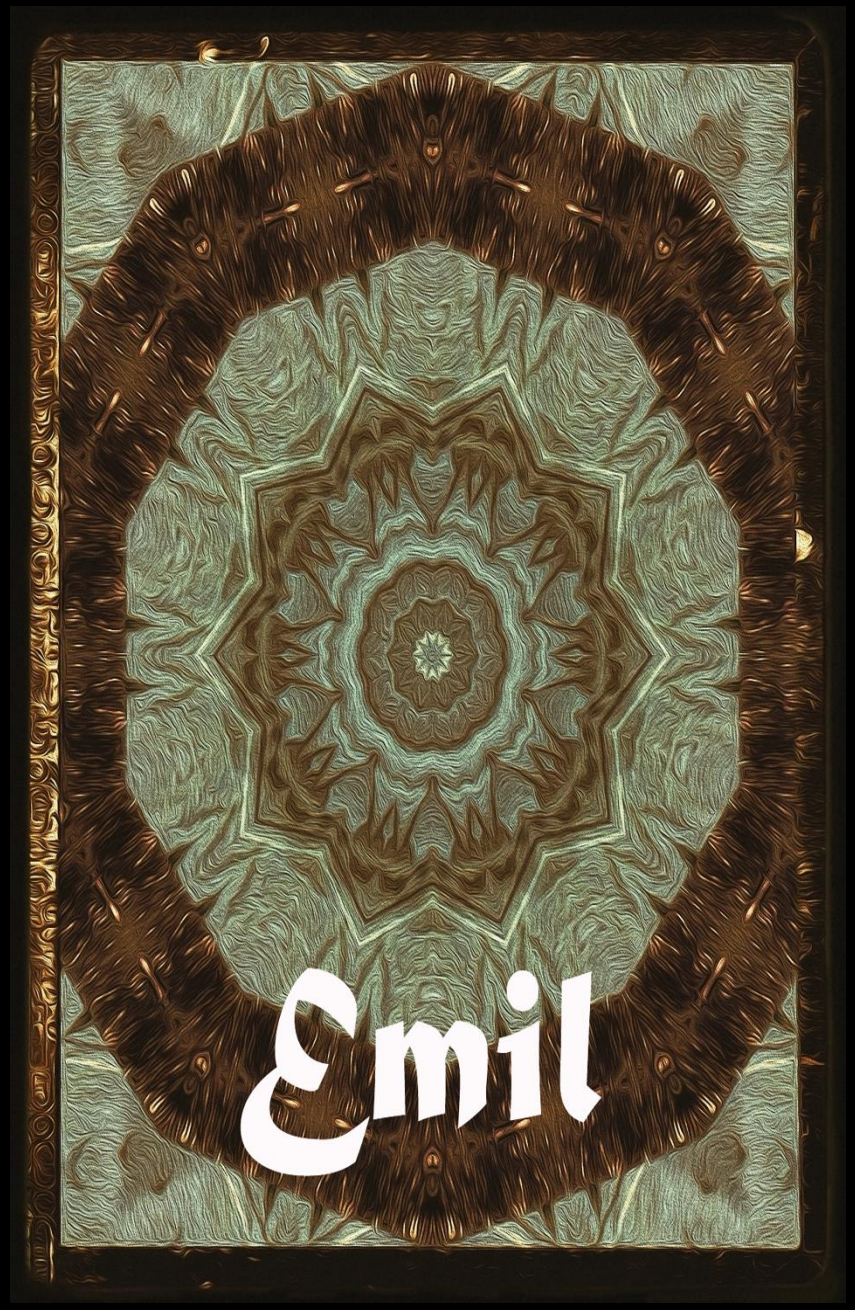
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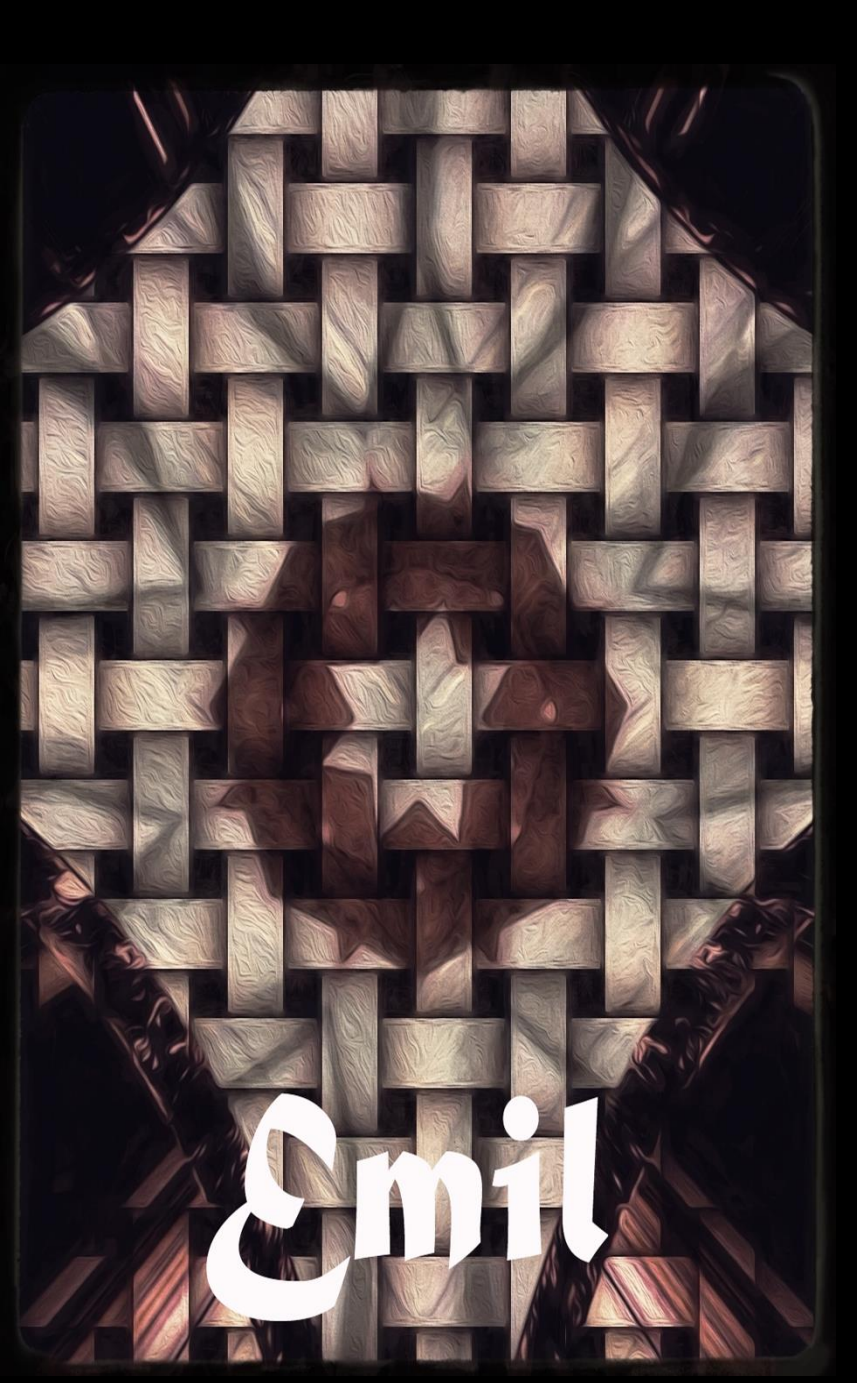
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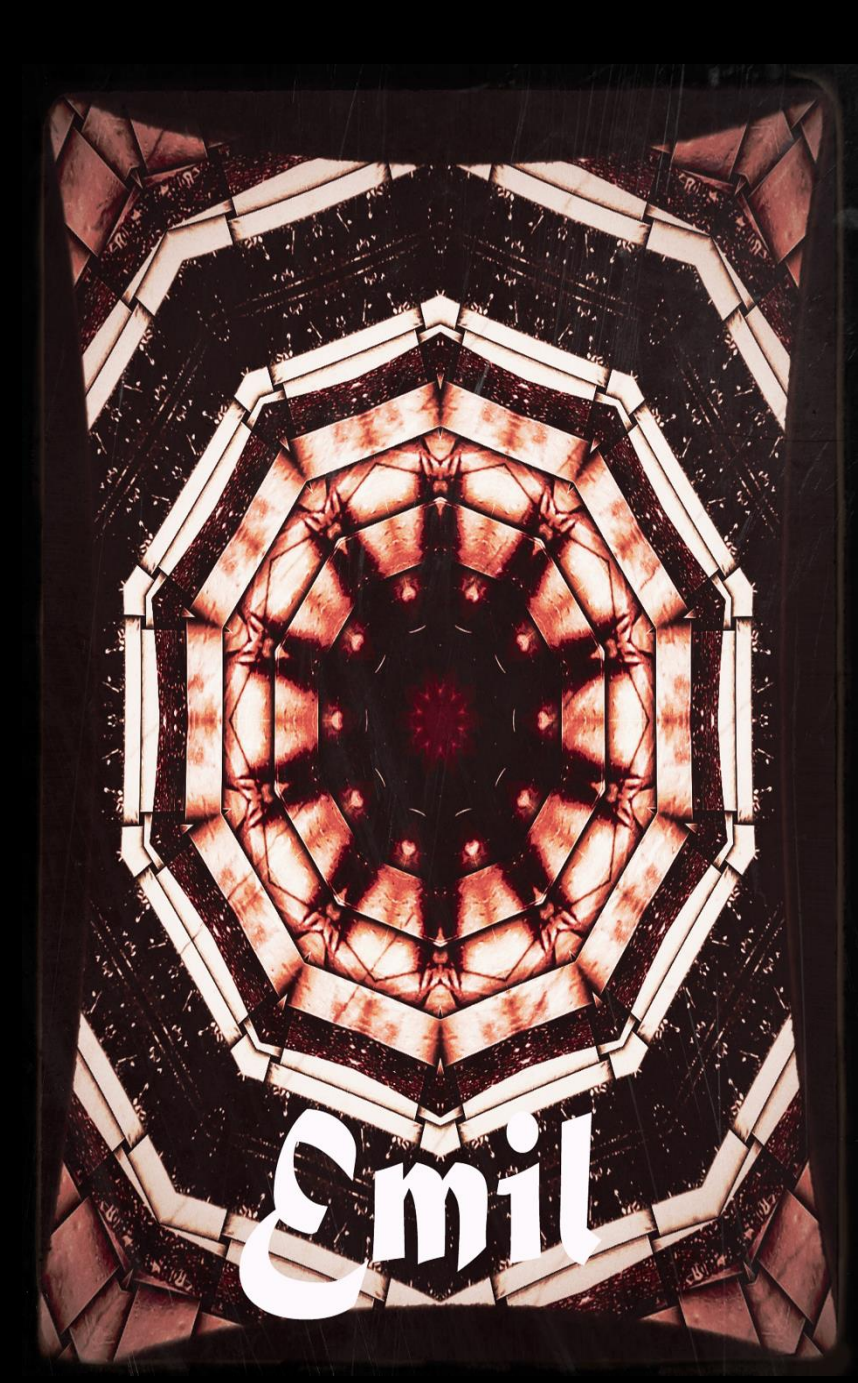
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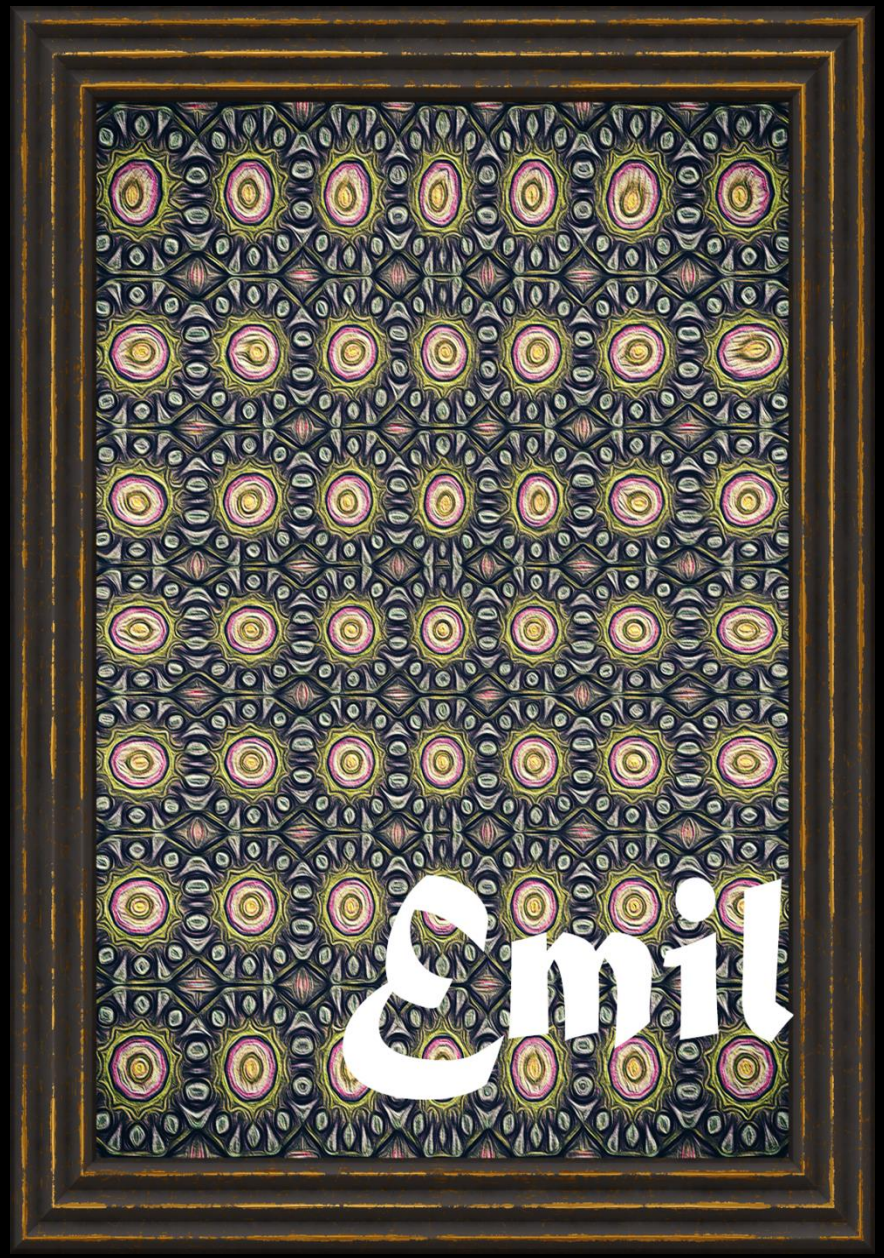
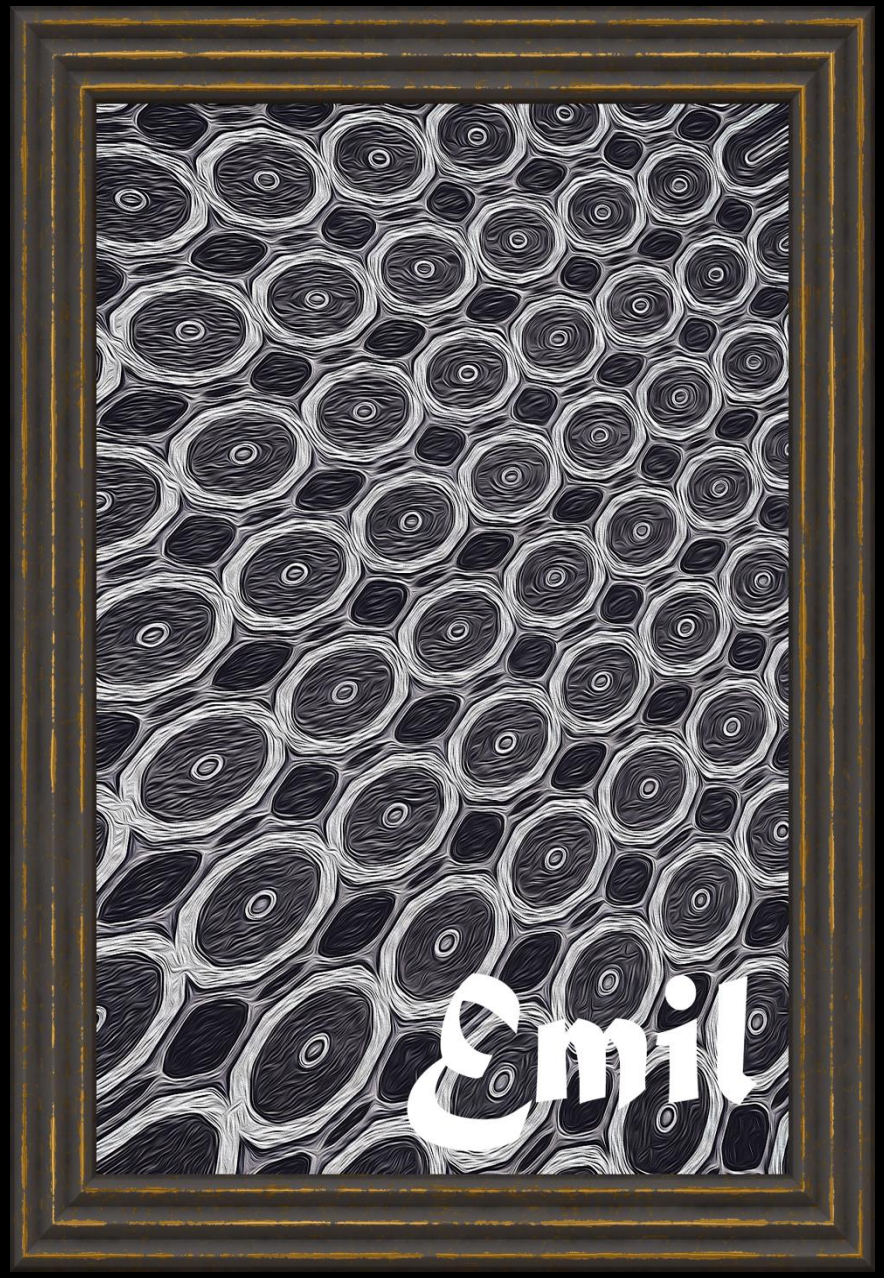
Been here in Laos going on a full three days, waiting for my next mission from WWWG and according to Seine, for my many sins, they will continue to give them to me.
Mostly, that's OK with me.
Without this gig, I would properly be just another weird homeless guy taking my morning bath over there in the big fountain in the center of Victory Square with my fellow, MIA Veterans (not in a real sense...just like mentally, they never came back home...)
No! I haven't discovered some secret POW Prison Camp here in Laos, although they still whisper that there were...not are...does this make sense?
Everyone gave up that fight a long time ago...the camps emptied and the few stragglers usually ended up guarding a barstool or two down in the bargain pubs of Patpong District.
A lot of them just didn't want to or couldn't go home...each has a different reason(s) or excuses...so, that is their business not mine, they deserve to be left alone without me getting involved as that usually means that I get tapped for their bar tab.

Best leave this as a forgotten issue like the governments did back in the early 1980s unless, everyone comes after me for raising a big stink...I hate when that happens because then, there is always some Deep State, career government clown wanting to impress upon me on how they can make my life messier than I have already rendered it to be.
Been there, done that Comrade!
Thanks but, I will pass on that...
Let's change the topic, please???
Dang, Campers!
"How about 'dem damn Yankees?"
Where were we?
OH Yea!
I sure hope that the new assignment isn't another Mister Chucky special like the disastrous, bus trip across Asia traveling with a full cadre of angry auntie matchmakers and rude, gangster chickens singing me into the dawn (if only I spoke chickenese) or like how they literally dropping me down right in the middle of an active war zone,



way behind the lines populated and roaming with hundreds of trigger-happy punks who romantically call themselves “Le Resistance!” but are just a ragtag excuse for a proper militia but, hey that was the hand that the Ruskies were dealt and then, I had a former KGB Colonel (Yuri) as a travel buddy...
Real fun vacation!
At least its peaceful and more importantly, I have been here a week and have yet had anyone (on purpose) try to kill me, at least as far as I know!
On the down side, there is no hidden or lost treasure waiting for me to discover. No real night life in a town that rolls up it sidewalks and bolts their doors at a modest 9 PM.
Not a lot to do but, take a break and get some rest.
That’s is my personal mission and I chose to accept it, well at least, till the money runs out.
Luckily, foreign coin goes a long way here.
This is a sleepy little town as I previously said, populate with friendly, helpful people who do become troublesome especially when you want to be left alone...



I now recall why I left the American South (USA) as soon as I came of semi-legal age...left without a trace, no postcards sent or even (not never) a forwarding address.
Maybe it's just me?
Maybe, it is that I am just a jaded old fool, a right regular tinfoil-hatter with a deep, lifelong distrust of overtly friendly people but, you have to understand that it is genetically wired, it is permanently engrained into my deepest part of my physic, truly, it is a major part of my personal DNA to be so as, outside of here in Laos, I have discovered that without a doubt, most overtly friendly strangers want something or are about to roll me and leave my near naked, bloody and missing my wallet when I wake up early in the early AM on the number seventy-three bus heading across town.
Been there...done that, more than a few times!
Learn from them mistakes...yes indeed, I do!
I ain't no Georgie "Bubba" Bush kind of guy.
Due to this, many people find me distant, some say difficult because I am self-focused just like the slogan printed on that tee-shirt that I bought in Times Square (back in the days when you could freely walk

down the urine stained sidewalks and where aging Italian hookers would be deeply and expressly verbalizing their ready concern if I was having a good time or not...they were always asking me as I walked by...back in the good old days before it became a Disneyland for the New Age Elite Snooties and tourist groups from China) that proudly proclaimed who I really am!

“I don’t care what your tee-shirt says so, why would I care what you think?”

It actually said it differently with less but more direct and forceful verbiage but, the thought remains the same...

Most people think me somewhat odd as I am so far removed from being a people person especially seeing that I have spent a lifetime if not more (before this new gig) in meaningless, low paying social service jobs that without exception, always were frontline gigs dealing directly with the angry public, most times very face-to-face directly.

The foreign lady at the next table with some urgent need to be a Chatty Kathy scolded me...

“You are a talkative sort, ain’t ya?”

First off, I didn't know her, I didn't feel even the slightest need to get involved in whatever adventure she had gotten herself into and secondly, I was enjoying a quiet, peaceful lunch and saw no need to entertain total strangers...

Look. I am not rude but, I would rather not be forced to change my schedule to accommodate whatever needs she might be having, I was not looking for a friend and to be truthful I was not in need of a friend (in fact, I have more than a few that I would be willing to give-a-way...cheap...cheap...like for **FREE**!) and to be even more truthful, she looked like a granddaughter of all those foolish, all of them lost puppy tourists I use to run into, way back in my time when I was in Germany during the early 1970's.

I learned early on my fellow Campers and I would beg you to please learn from my lifetime of disastrous and many times specular (world famous level) failures in dealing with specifically such situations and it might be a good thing to jot down in your personal travel journal...

"Like any lost puppy, once you feed (help) them (the helpless, lost tourist), you can never get rid of them...You will quickly learn to regret you overt kindness in trying to help..."

Another honest point for you to ponder (still taking notes?) especially when you are an elderly gentleman and a younger women, especially a stranger approaches you, it is not because she thinks that you are hot...I assume, that this would be similar advice for older ladies (can I use that term?)
Nuff said???
If you find a young stranger who thinks that you are hot then, put your hand on your wallet (purse) and run like hell...be truthful, you are not Russel Crow...
Are you?
I thought not!
Back to the Chatty Kathy, as I said, I am rarely rude unless pushed, so I looked over to her and boldly asked the waiter for the check and left the café at a steady pace with an occasional glance over my shoulder to see if anyone was following.
In the atmosphere of full discloser, I might have jumped a fence or two while running in a panicked pace down through the back alleys leading back to the safety of my hotel fortress...with its thick walls and sound proof rooms.
Arrived safety, dashed to my room and double bolted the door and turned off the lights. Never can be too safe!

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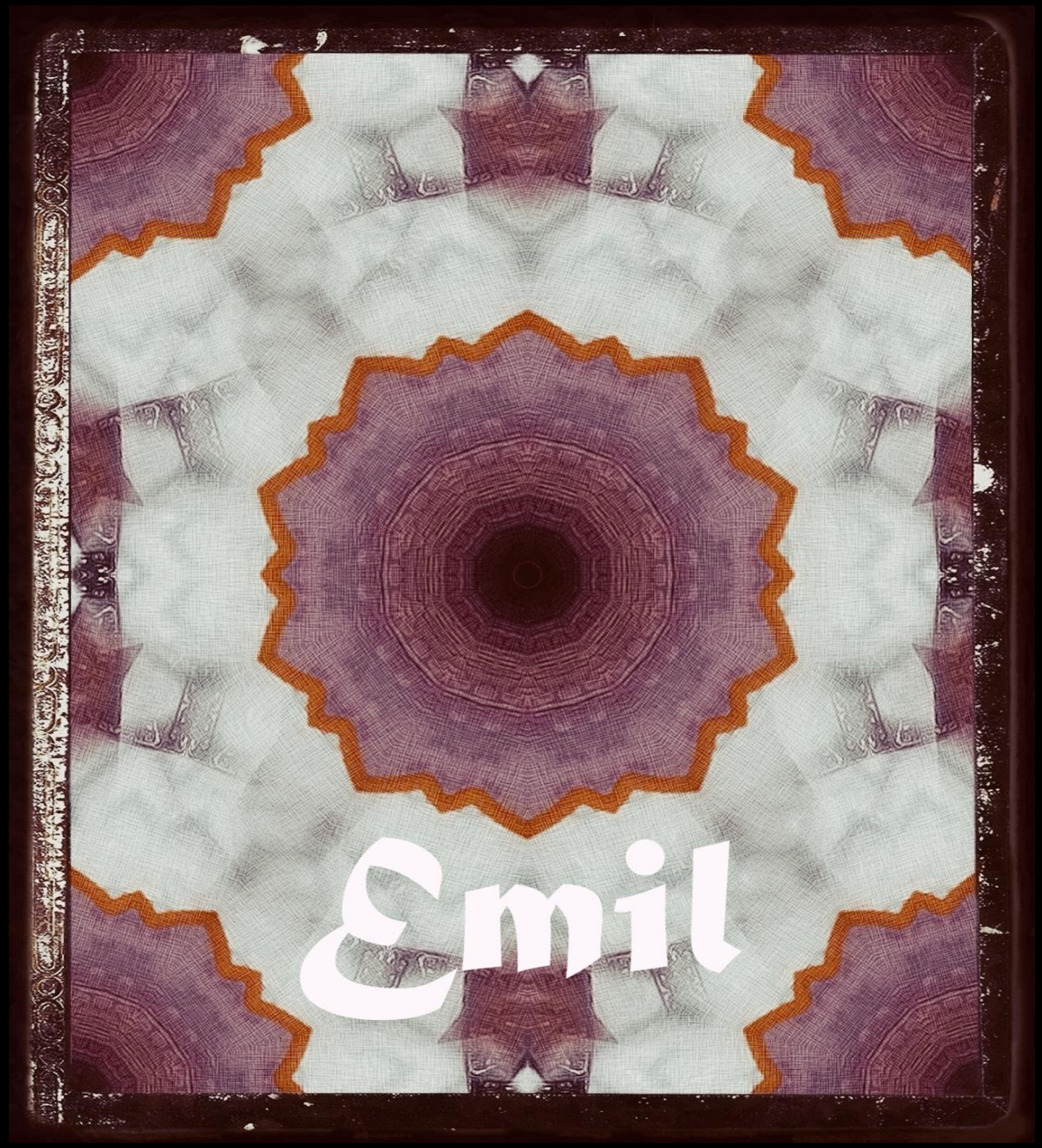
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There was a distant time...last week...no but really, back in those days when the earth was young, much like we were once and in that time, there lived a poor man and he had a wife who had twelve daughters, whom they no longer loved and no longer desired.

Twelve daughters?

No sons?

In the local farming culture, this tells us much of this man and women, with twelve daughters and no sons, they were cursed...they must surely are being punished by the gods for living rather large in a previous life...or for not rewinding that Blockbuster Videotape...or some other wrong that they have done in their life.

Yes! VHS Videotapes...not Beta, thank you!

VHS, from what I can see, is much the current, modern rage out here in these most technology challenged, farming communities.

This is mostly due to a couple of very enterprising, young brothers from the Midland Plains, who had read that Blockbuster had filed for bankruptcy and they bought up all of their remaining inventory in a stunning E-Bay Auction Blitzkrieg Win...that is still spoken of in awe and respect by even the guy who wrote the book on the mastery of drop-shipping “How I made a million dollars a day on E-Bay.”

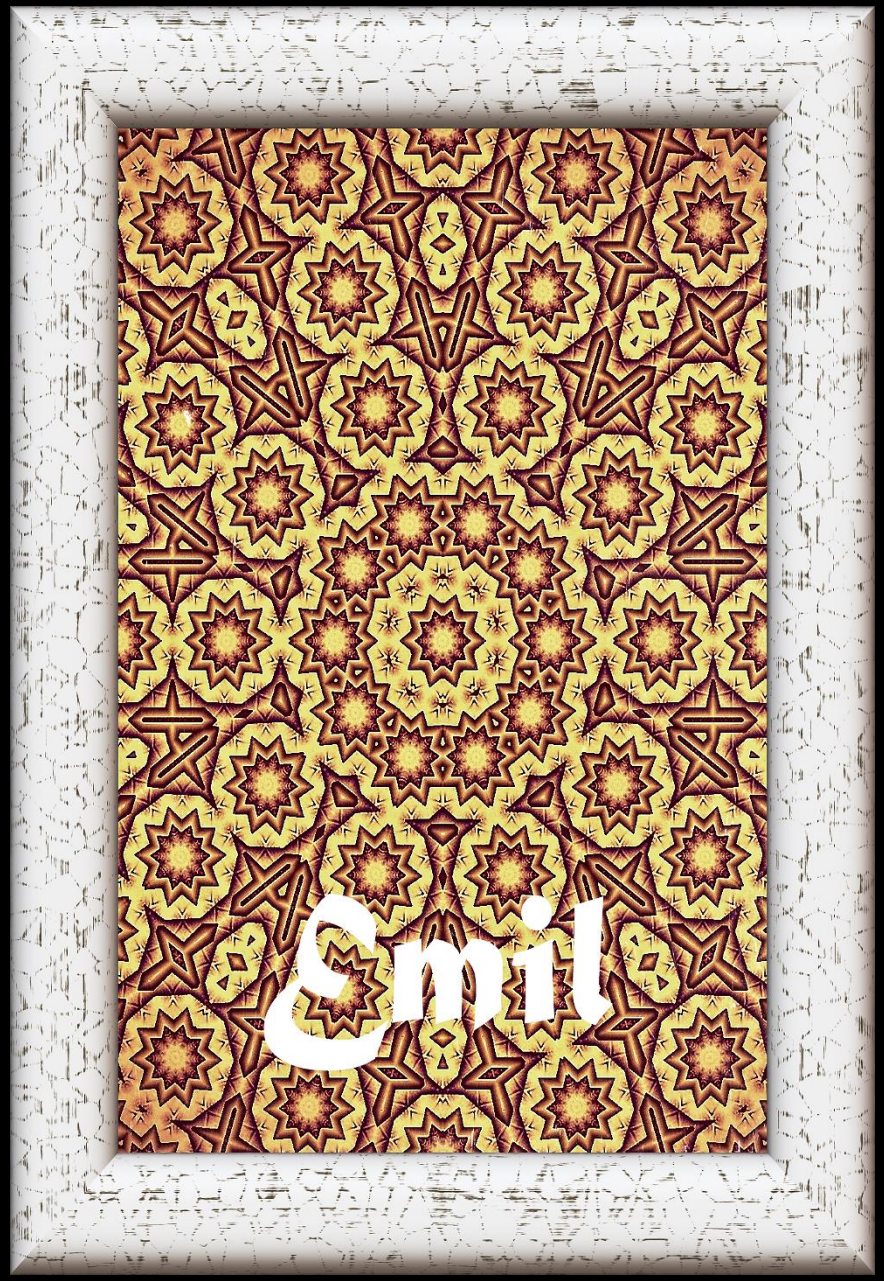
I know that this sounds so 1950ish but out here in these rural, farming communities, sons are necessary labor and an equally good investment towards the farm's productivity ever since the 1990's Chinese Industrial Revolution put an end to this fondly remembered golden age of cheap labor supplied by the hordes of illegal Chinese seeking a better life...flooding across the unmarked border crossings...well, at least, here they could exchange their slave like labor for a bit of food to eat and an occasional VHS Movie Tape.

The belief that sons are a blessing is rather not the evil, the foul sexist attitude that you are about to get all worked up about but, rather it is, that one must truly understand the culture out here in these rural communities and it is defiantly not so much due to the physical factors that men tend to be bigger and stronger, for if you thought this nonsense to be even partially true, then, my friends, you have never met this couple's daughters...

Rather it is due to the mere sociological fact that daughters will leave to get married while son's never leave unless you run them off.

Also, sons do marry, hopefully?

When they do, they expand your labor force of almost free, sharecropper, farm labor...a real twofer as seen by the local farmers in these parts.



Sadly, this is less so these days with all the kidnaping of local girls by Chinese Matchmaker Gangs who then, take them back to China and sell they to upscale, respectable Chinese Families as wives for their wifeless sons...and to have the greater gift of grandchildren...
Hadn't heard about this had you?
No breaking news on CNN?
Well, I guess they can't find a way to put the blame on Trump...
NO TIME!
Back to our breaking story on "Trump...American Traitor as he hates dogs!"
Seems that the real, downstream effect of the "One Child" policy of China's past generation has created a real-life version of "Seven brides for seven brothers."
Yup! Campers...there ain't no women back there on the family stead, back in the gritty urban, economic zones, women are in high demand given that the ratio is even worse than the movie...there are at least 10 men to 1 women in many communities.
Those old comrades didn't get it...
Back then...Sons were a blessing...a sign of a couple's virtue and the trueness of their love of Mao and since you can only have one...not a set...they were drowning baby girls by the boat load, back in the day...

See, they didn't think about a future generation of nothing but an endless cadre of sad, lonely men and the few women in the community going to the highest biding family who were on their own grail search for grandchildren.
Still, I truly feel sad for the farmer guy with twelve daughter that even the Chinese Matchmaking Gangs don't even seem to want!
I actually do think he might actually be a distant cousin?
Still, I can't imagine being surrounded, daily, by thirteen women, all cluttered together in such a small house over at the edge side of this little village in Central Laos.
Not trying to be a sexist but, I do have a true feeling for the poor guy's many frustration(s) and his sense of the lack of proper manly communication(s) that he must have faced at the breakfast table each and every morning, I know this as the truth, having grown up in a house full of woman and then later, in life, continuing with that life style with my own household of women...not twelve...not anywhere near that many...no way!
Thank God!
So it came as no real surprise that day after day the father and mother planned to be free of them, and that there came a day when the father

secretly made up a rather strange, an odd kind of food parcel, what we would call a picnic basket; and in the bottom he placed ashes, but on the top he spread rice.
Taking this basket with him, he called his daughters to come go to the jungle to hunt for game.
When the heat of the day had come, they all sat down to eat, and, after they had eaten, the father gave each daughter a bamboo joint, and asked them to go and get water for him.
The joints were so made that they would not hold water, and while his daughters endeavored to make them so they would, the father returned home.
In vain, each of the daughters tried to make the joints hold the water and after a time they, joined up and collectively they went back the jungle clearing with the main purpose to complain to their father, but, the father was long gone and only the basket remained!
Examining the basket, they found rice but on the top, and on the bottom filled with ashes, so they knew their parents sought to be free of them by leaving them in the trackless jungle.

Unable to find their way out of the surrounding jungle and being that it was already almost nightfall, after a long session of expressing their feelings, they all went to sleep and slept peacefully, for the wild beasts of the jungle, for some rather odd reason (at least this is as the story would have you believe) did not molest any of the twelve daughters because they had shown their fearlessness by sleeping out here, right smack in the middle of this jungle's clearing.

I could like seriously nitpick this part of the storyline to death as how realistic is it that not a one of these twelve young women could find their way home seeing that they had lived here, played in these jungles for all of their lives?

Then again, this is not my tale and I hate being that kind of snotty, know-it-all...don't ya?

"As the eye of day opened in the East, the forlorn maidens beheld, as they awakened, a beautiful woman standing near, and of her they sought help."

"Come with me and be companions to my little daughter. Often am I away from home and she is lonely. Come home with me, play with my daughter, and, in exchange I will give you a home," said the beautiful woman.

Gladly all twelve daughters consented and went with the woman to her home far, deep in the jungle where all places save one small garden were they free to enter.

Again...not to be snotty, not to nitpick the tale but, why would the women invite all twelve women back to her home in the middle of the endless jungle unless she was running some form of early, pre-industrial revolution form of a jungle sweatshop?

Or she was running an illegal brothel or was some kind of witch that was going to turn them into dwarfs so she could live out some kinky "Snow White" fantasy?

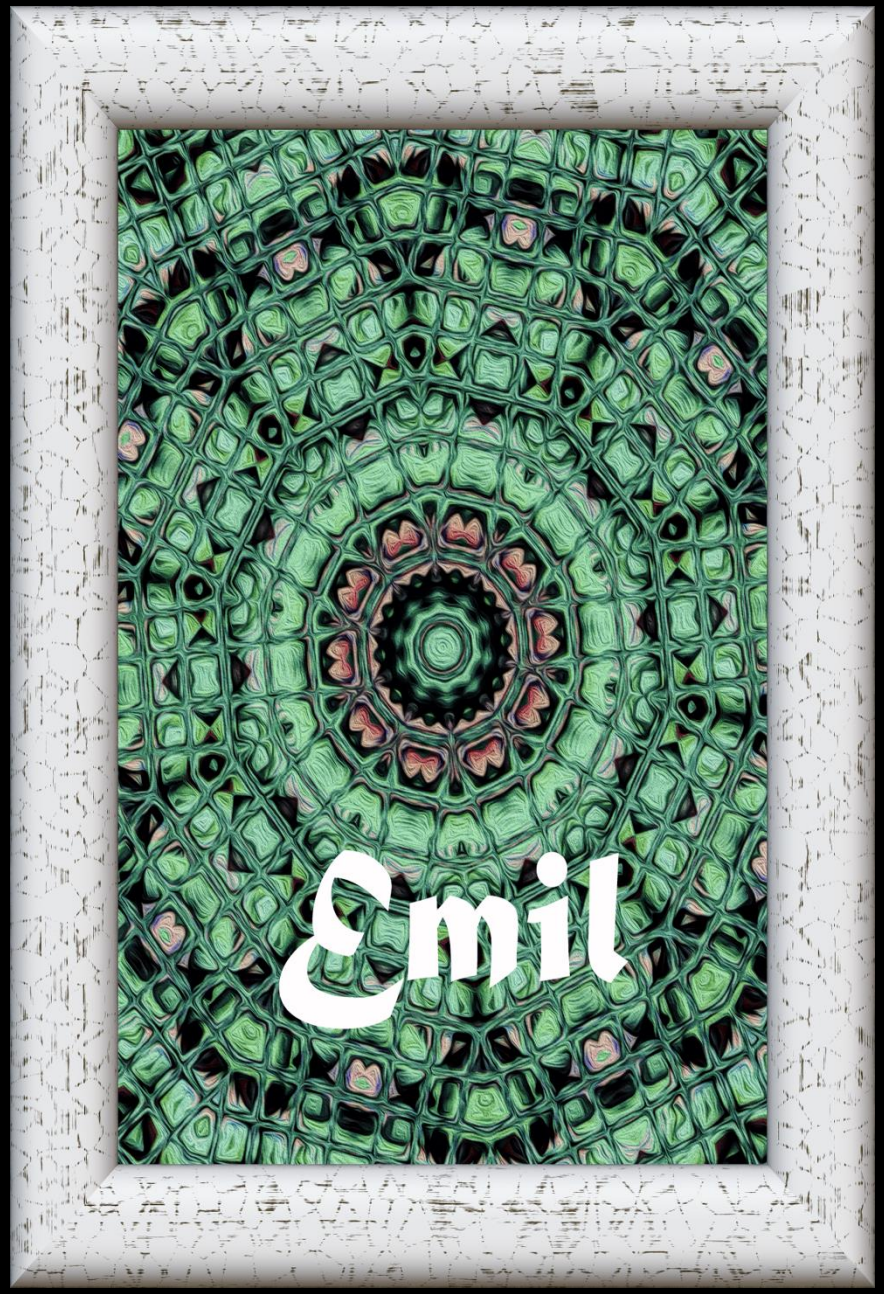
"Hi-Ho...Hi-Ho...Off to the Nike (or was it DC?) Sweatshop you gals will go!"

I understand kindness...I do!

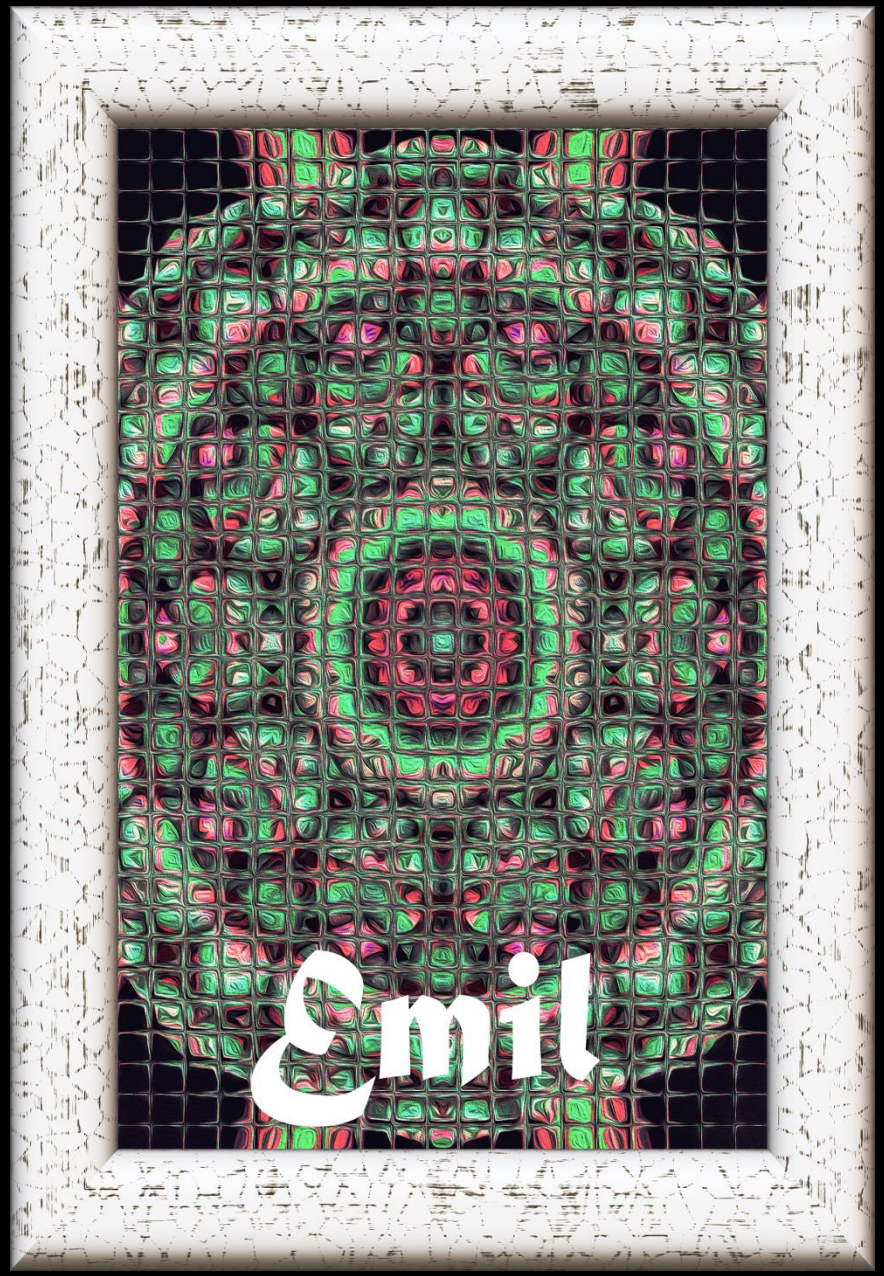
But, twelve women?

What part of "do you know how much food that twelve woman can consume...daily?" wasn't she thinking through all in the name of needing a live-in nanny?

Then, the story turns into this Garden of Eden Story plot line as the lady tells the twelve...



"I go to the jungle and will not return until the eye of day has closed. Do not play in the small garden."
Don’t ya just luv the way people use to speak...hard to follow sometimes but, it sounds rather sophisticated much in the same way as ancient Romans would put on the airs by speaking Greek instead of gutter Latin.
Scarcely had she gone before she suddenly returned, but the twelve had not sought the garden.
Again, upon a day, the fair woman said,
"I go to the jungle but for a short time. Go not to play in the small garden."
Thinking she would this time be gone all day, the twelve sought the small garden, and it was strewn with human bones!
Then, they knew the fair woman was a cannibal.
Opps!
Boy, did I have it wrong!
Full of fear, they fled, and, as they fled they met a cow.
"Protect us," they cried.
The cow opened its mouth and the maidens jumped in.
Thus they journeyed from the cannibal's home.



As the cow returned, it met the fair woman seeking the women.
"Have you seen twelve women pass this way?" asked she.
"No," answered the cow.
"If you do not speak the truth, I'll kill and eat you," cried she.
"I saw them as they made haste in that way," replied the cow.
The cannibal woman pursued that way.
After the cow left them, the twelve sped on and as they fled, they met an elephant and begged it to save them from the cannibal.
The elephant opened its mouth and the women jumped in, but so slowly did one jump that an edge of her garment hung out of the mouth.
As they journeyed the cannibal overtook them.
"Did you see twelve women running toward the city?" asked the cannibal.
"No," answered the elephant.
"From this time forth and forever the lip of thy mouth shall hang down as a garment," cursed the cannibal, for she had seen the edge of the woman's garment hanging out of the elephant's mouth and knew it was protecting the twelve young women.

And to this day does the lip of the elephant hang down like a garment.
Is this story true?
Well, if you believe in talking cows, cannibal ladies living out in the wilds or even, disfigured elephants.
The ending sucked...
It just left you kind of hanging...
What happened next?
I asked the old man if by chance there was a part two while implying that he might have left out a big chunk of the story due to the lack of attention span of most of the other tourist in the audience that night...
While his answer was rather long and was at a certain point somewhat, rather graphic about what I could do with my critique(s), but, I will not repeat it here as large parts of the conversation don't translate well or are unprintable by WWWG due to their publishing location in Singapore.

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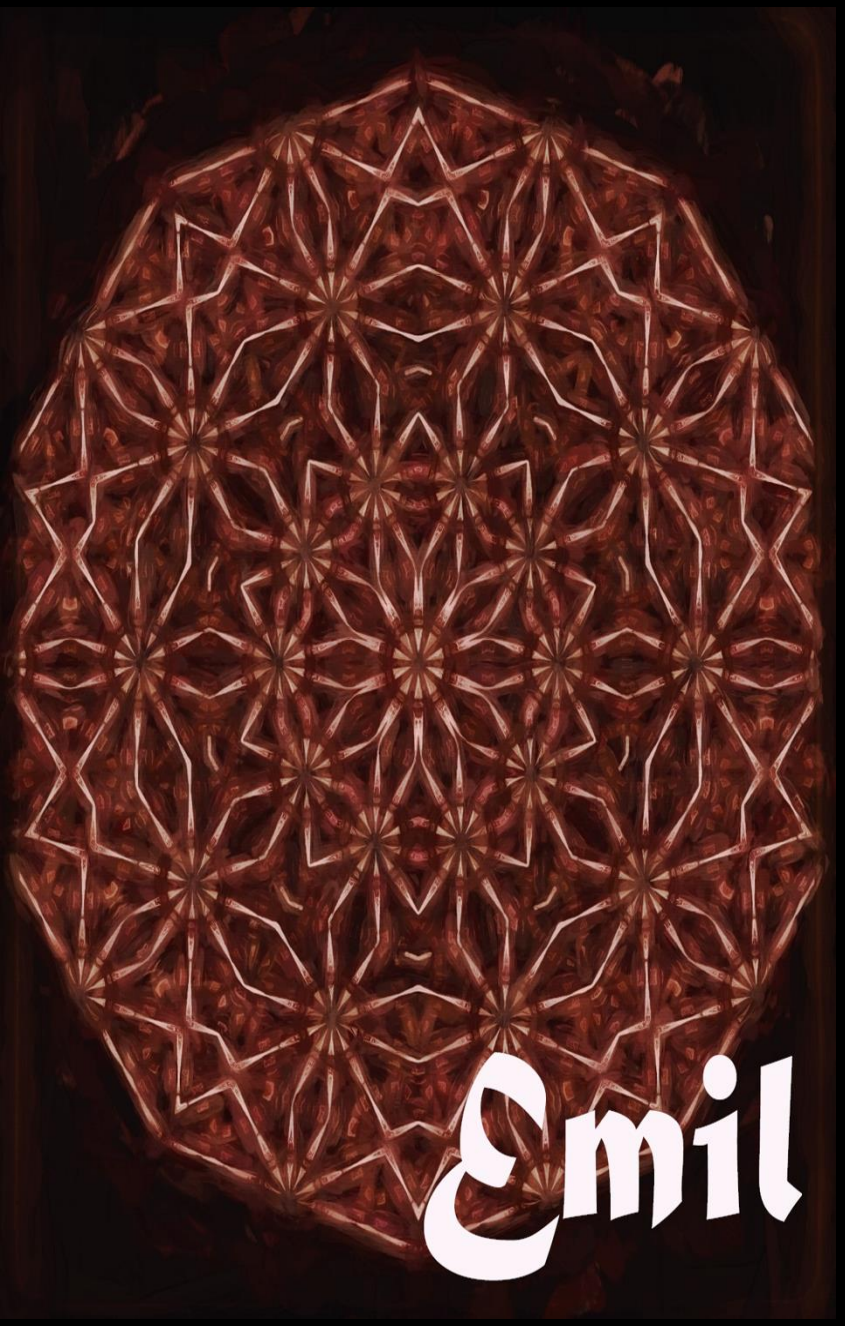
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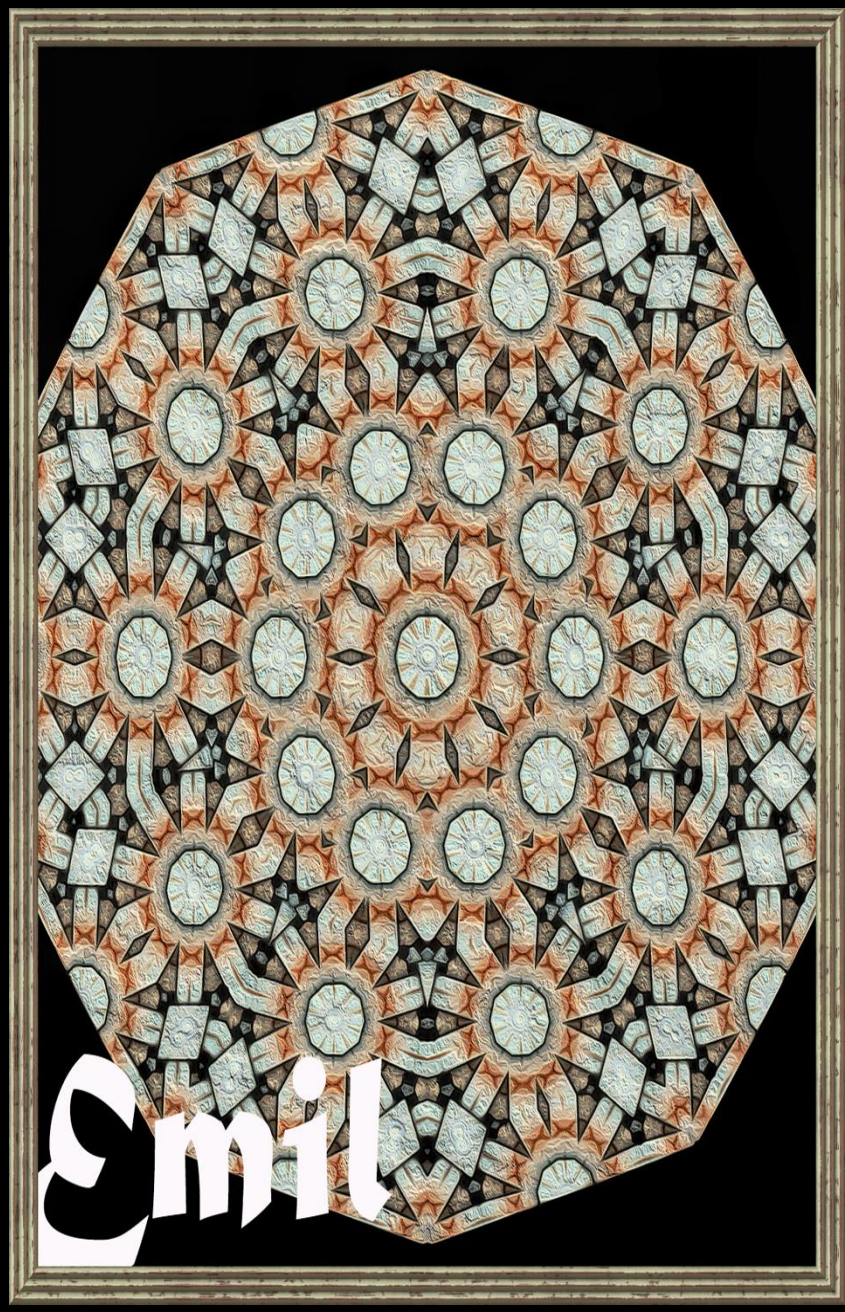
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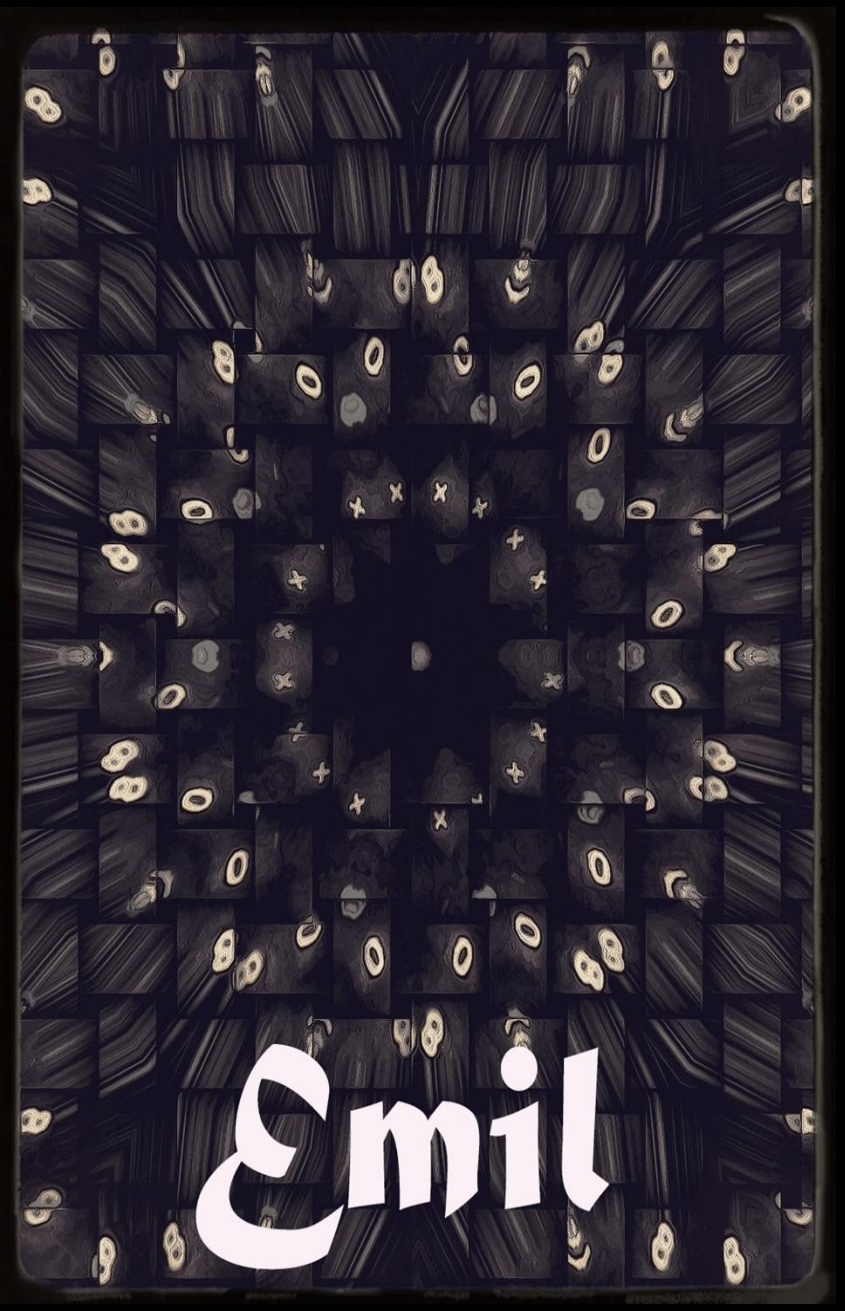
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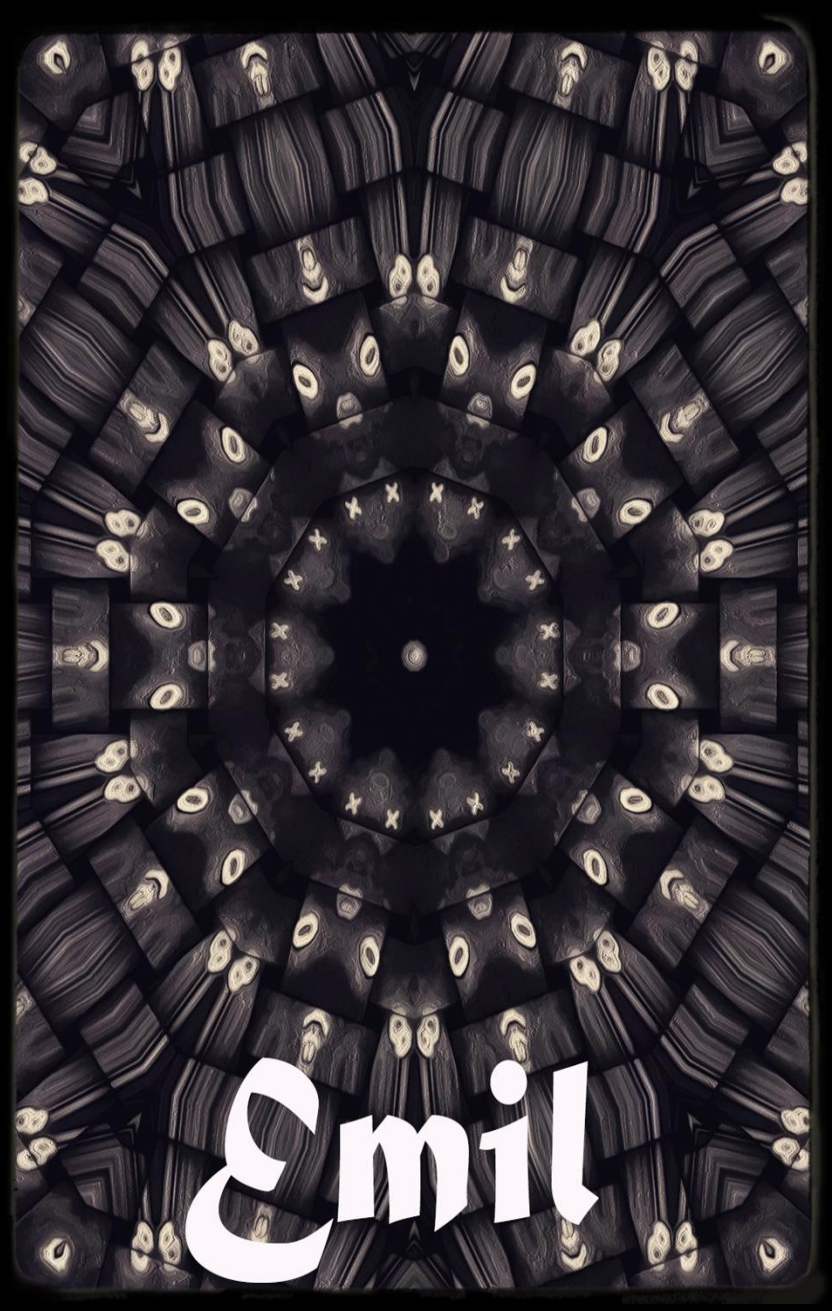
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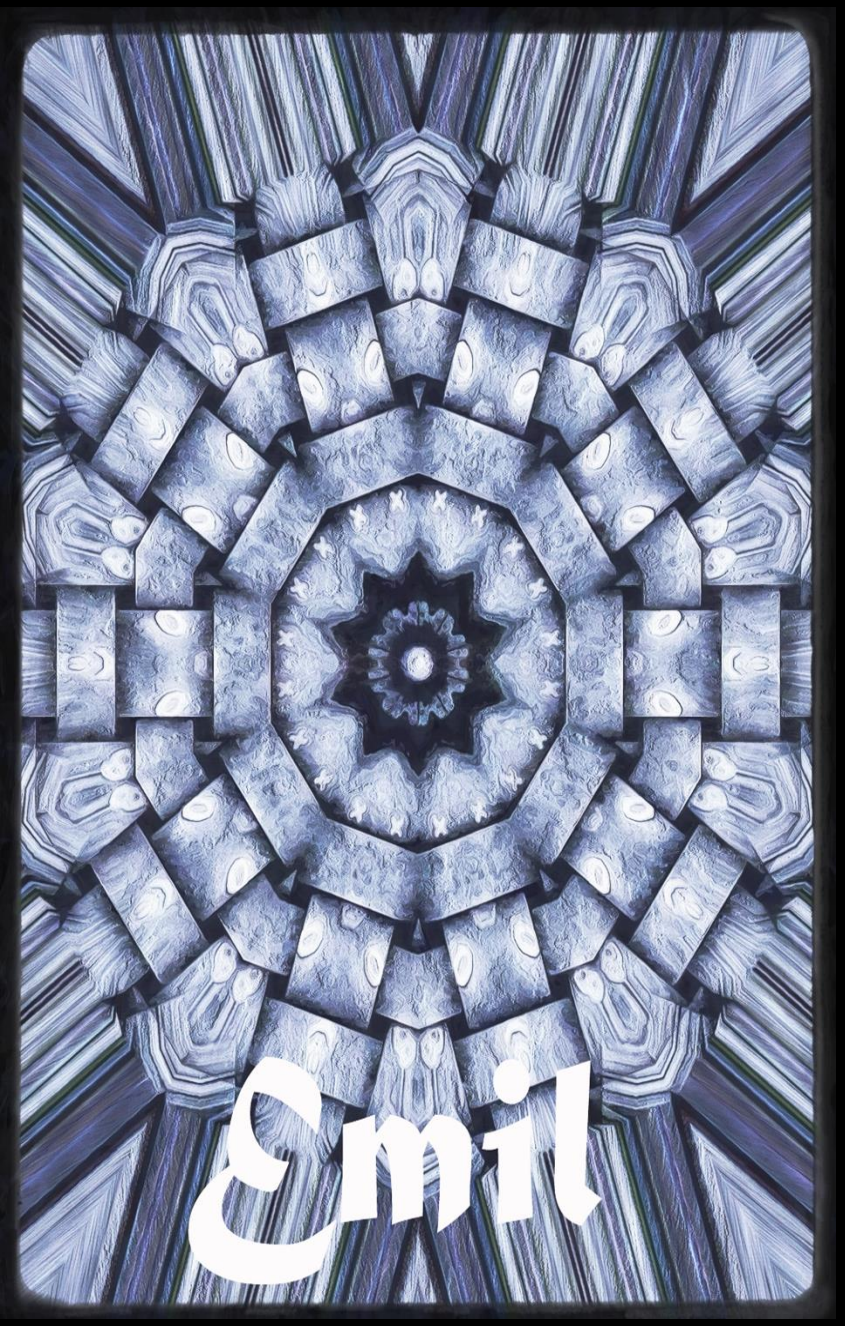
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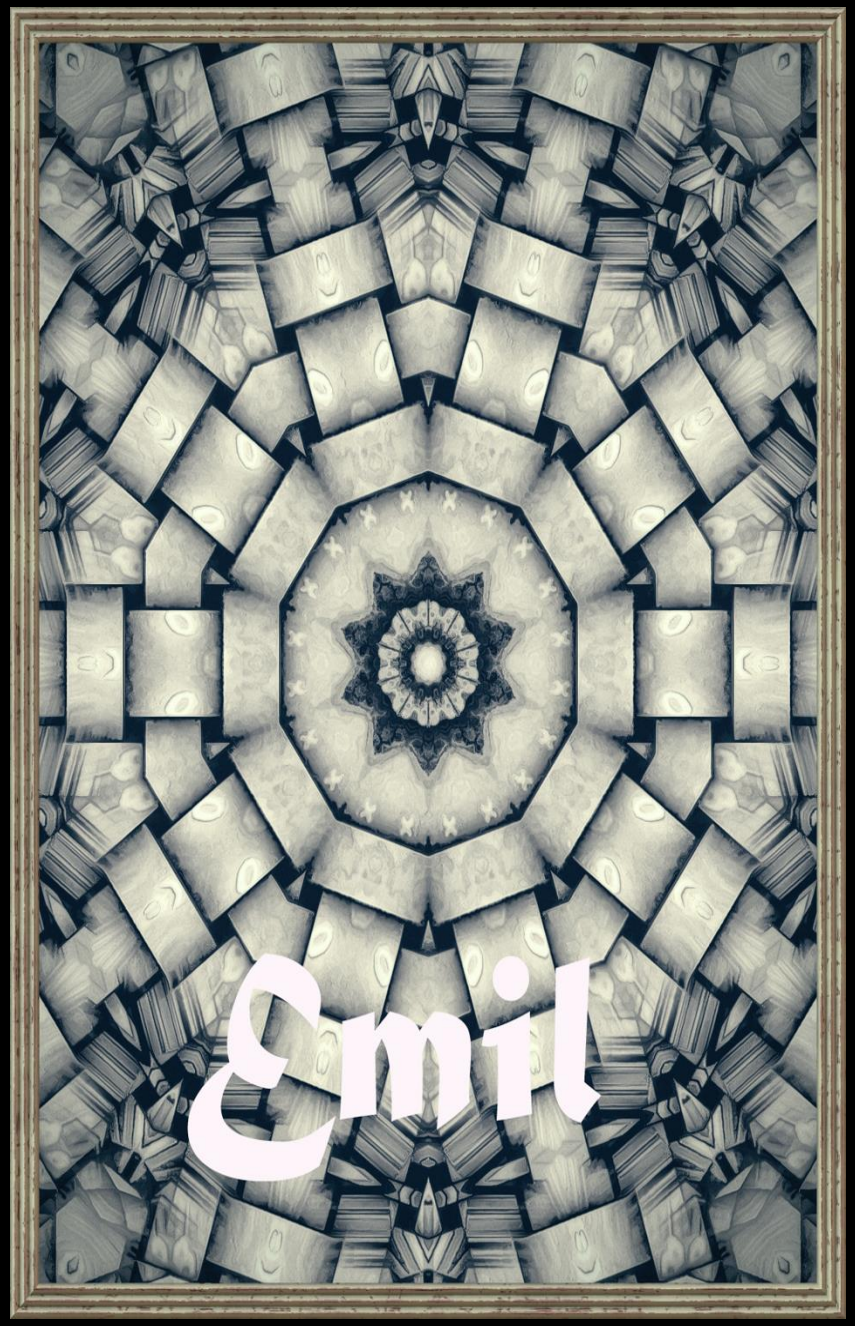
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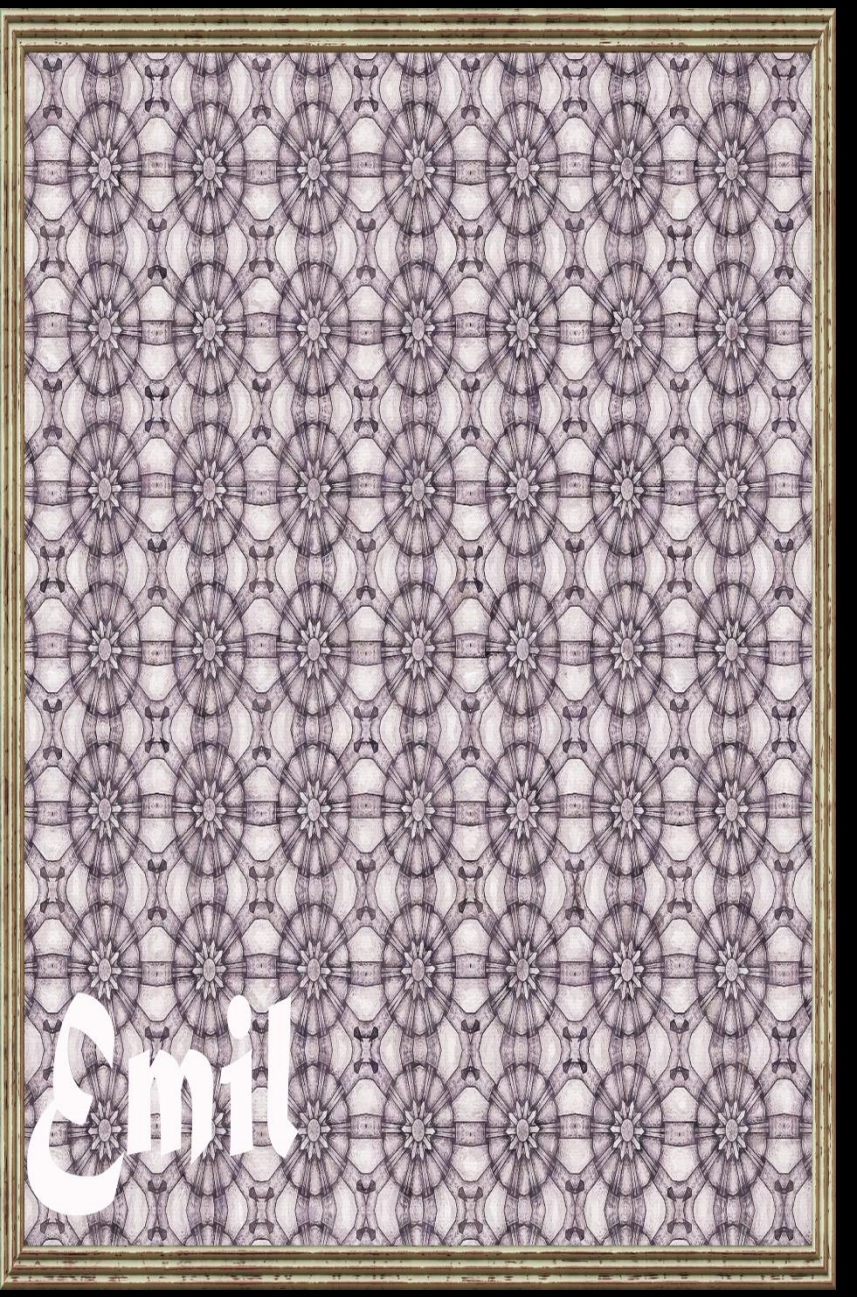
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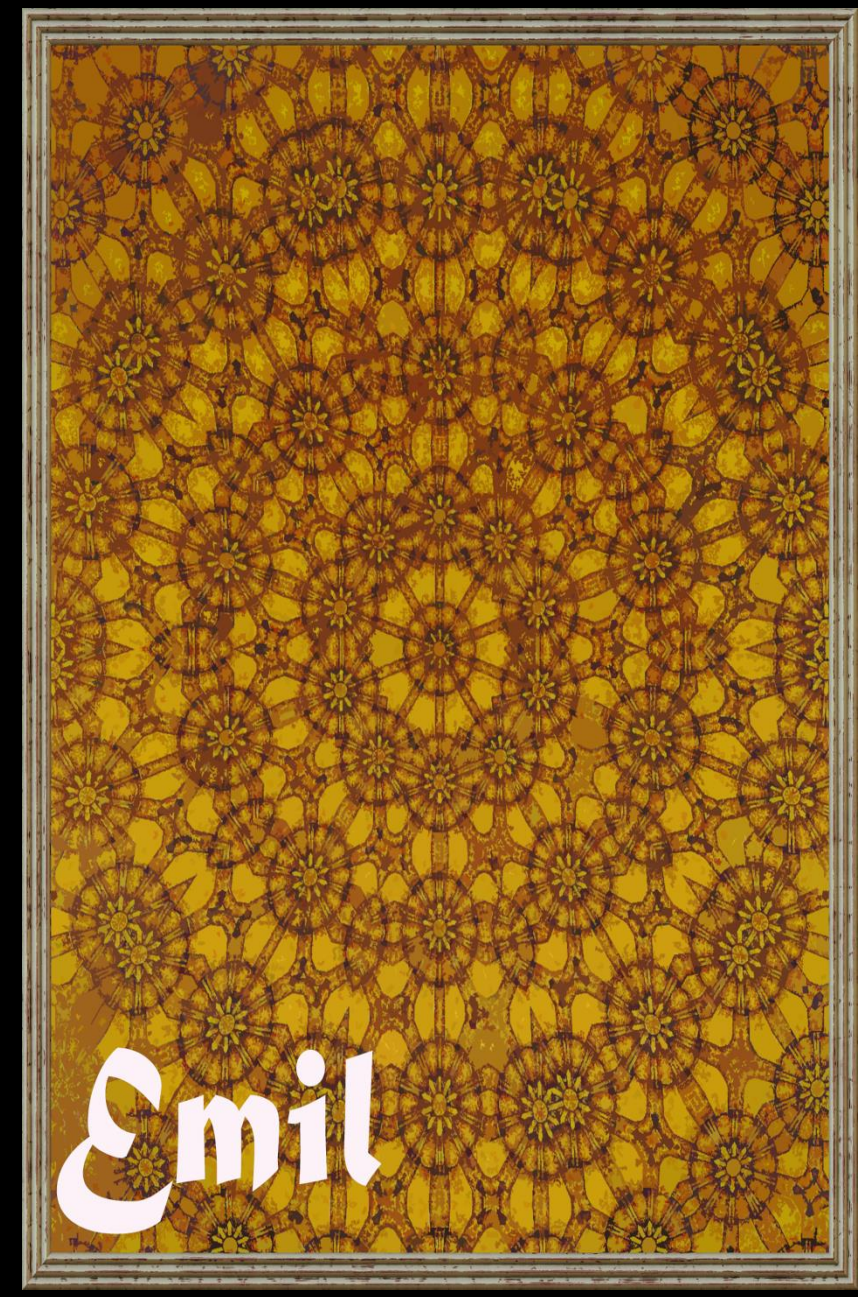
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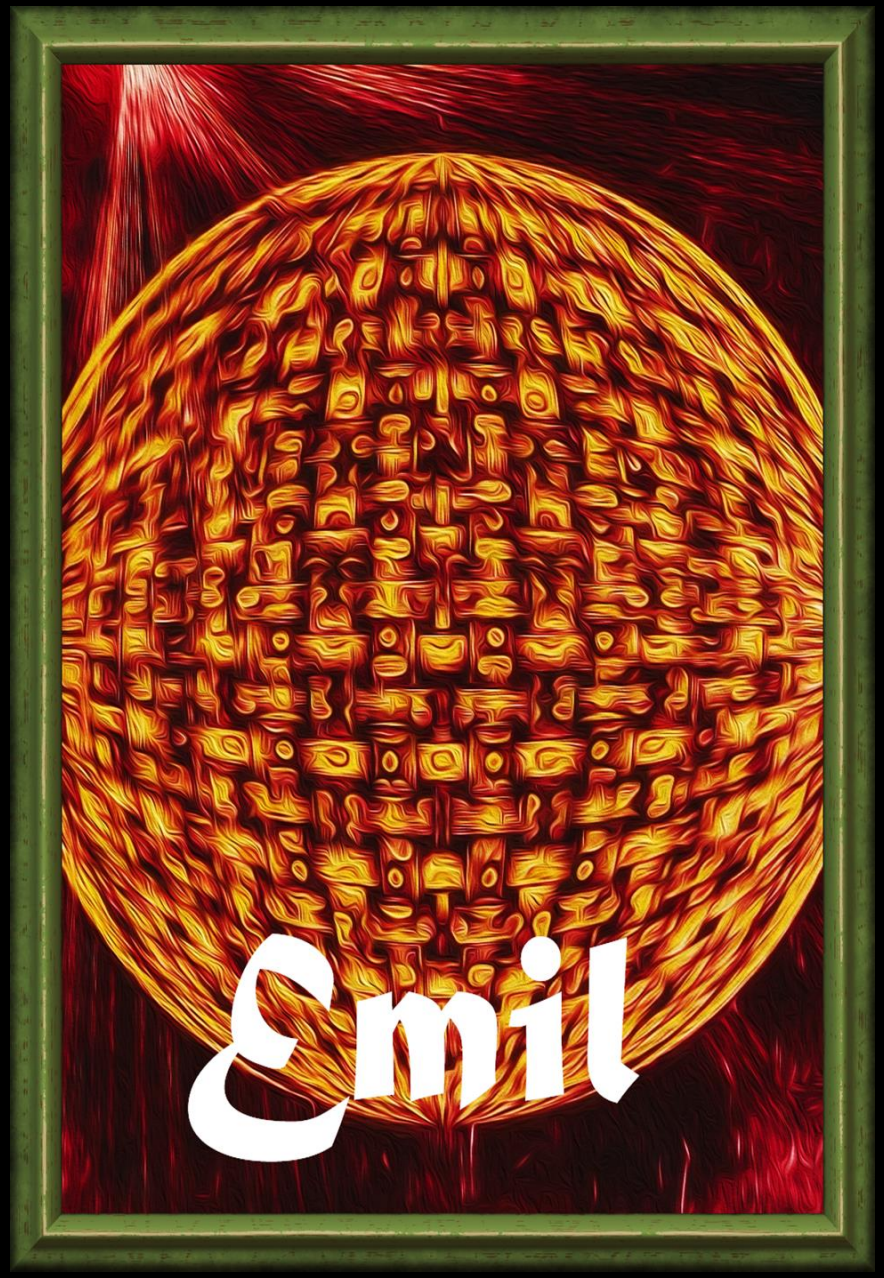
There was once a man and a woman...no this isn't a bible school lesson so, there is no need to really take notes...
Not unless you really want to?
This was a story that I overheard while dining the other night and being somewhat complicated, and that it was so full of details, I now kind of wish that I had, indeed, taken a few notes.
Seems that they had a young daughter of marriageable age and to whom they had dully taught, they instructed her wisely, that when it did come time to select her future husband, both mother and father were to be properly admired that the decision was to be left to their young offspring in an age when arranged marriages were still the norm, they impressed upon her the importance to take none but a man with rough hands, as then, she might know he was not too afraid to and that he would know how to work.
Sadly, this was not a totally fool proof methodology as overhearing this sage advice, and deeply desiring a wife, a blind man took some rice, pounded it, and rubbed it over his hands for several days, before he made a beeline to woo this maiden.

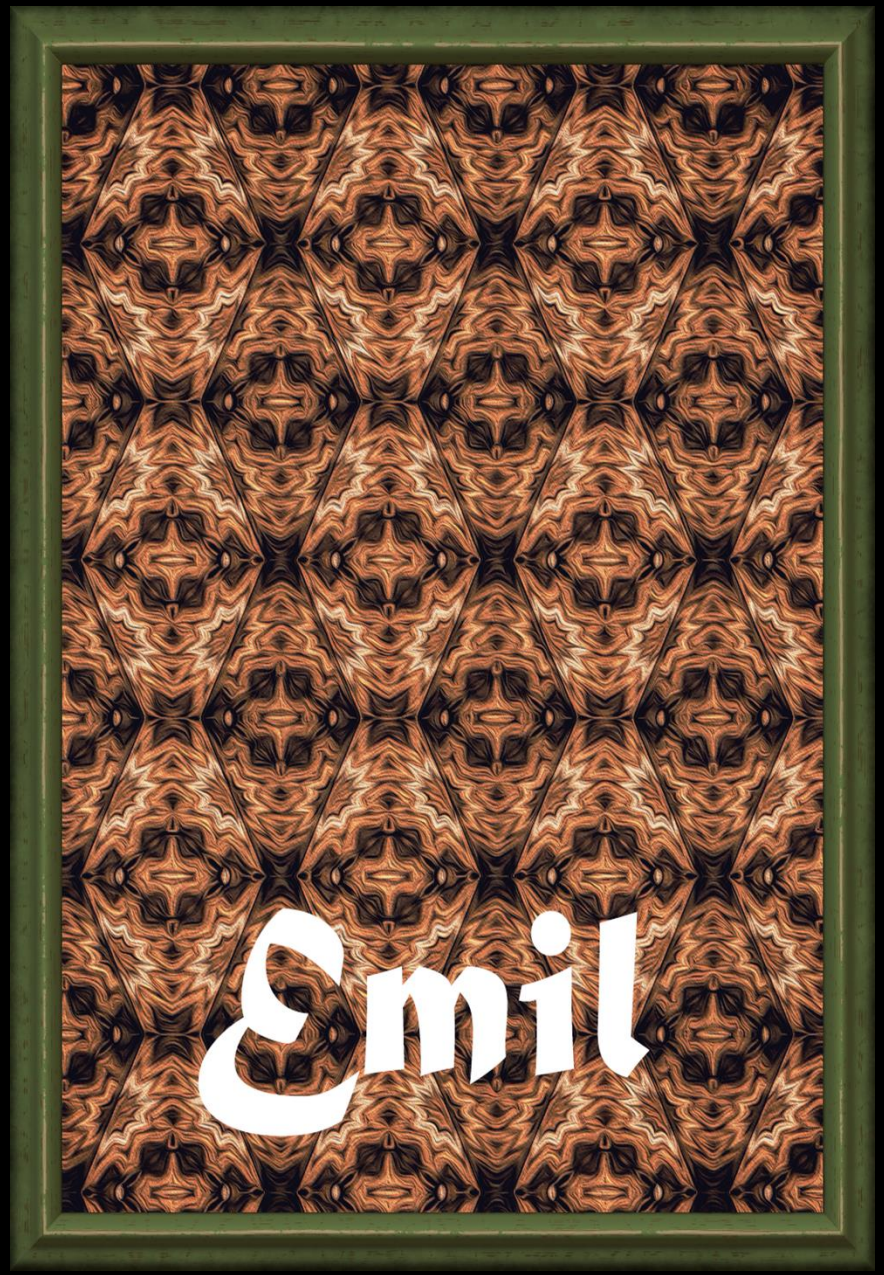
Though utterly blind, he wooed her day and night for several eventful weeks, all the while overlooking, forgetting to mention that fact that he was without sight and the maiden, not to be cruel but, it is clear that she was not one who put a lot of thought into attention to detail or into close observation as she had come to love this man of such seemingly deep thoughts and gave herself to him in marriage.
Never did she suspect any other truth.
For many a day they lived happily, but, the wife made many plates of curry of many kinds of meat, and her husband ate but of only one kind.
When she asked him why he ate but of the one kind, the husband replied, "If a man eat from a dish, that dish should he wash. If I eat but from one, I need wash but one."
As this made sense, she quickly dismissed the oddity of his habit and went back to her household duties.
Again, there was the day that the husband plowed the rice field, he plowed up the ridges between the fields.
"Why do you work in such a weird and complicated fashion?" asked the wife.



"The places for planting the rice are small and narrow. I wish to make them larger," replied the husband.
When the rice had grown, the man went into the fields with his wife, and, as they walked, he fell over the ridges and fell face flat in amongst the rice plants.
"Why do fall upon the rice?" asked the wife.
"I do but measure the distance between the plants. If the rice be good this year, I will then know just how far apart to plant it next year," he answered.
And then, there came a tragic day and their modest house was burning, and, as the wife fled, she saw her husband lingering and unable to find the door.
"Come this way, the door is here," cried the wife.
"I know, I know. I am measuring the house that we may build another of its size," retorted the husband.
Then, as the husband left the burning house and was running, he fell into a well.
His wife took a ladder, dropped it down the deep well for him to climb out, but, instead, he climbed far above the mouth of the well.

"Come down. Here is the ground," called the wife.
"I know, I know. I am up here to see if the fire is out," called down the husband.
Long had the father of the wife suspected the husband was blind, and so, he came to test then husband’s eyes?
Carrying a bell, such as a buffalo wears, the father hid in the bushes and rang the bell.
"Go, bring the buffalo into the compound,"
Directed the wife.
Suspecting a trick, the husband went to the bushes, and cried,
"Yoo, yoo!"
The father struck him, but he freed himself and returned to the house and told his wife that the buffalo had been dangerous and had horned him.
The father, convinced that the husband had deceived them all, drove him out from the house at the ugly end of a scary looking shotgun.
“let this shotgun sing you a pretty song!”
The father yelled out towards the now running away blind man...
As the dejected blind man walked down the barren highway that lead back into town, he met a man with palsied feet.

"If you will be my eyes, I will be your feet," called the blind man, and, as the palsied man agreed, he put the man on his back and from that point that started to work as a team.
As they journeyed, they came upon a wizard by the side of the highway, who cryptically whispered to the blind man,
"Would you prosper, that which you grasp hold with a secure hand."
Looking up to the ancient banyan tree, the man with the palsy saw a bird's nest; thinking there would be eggs therein, he urged the blind man go up the tree and bring them down for a late breakfast treat.
The blind man grasped the nest, the head of a venomous snake appeared, but his companion called, "Grasp it tightly," and, as he held it, the snake spit its venom into his useless eyes, and as the wizard had predicted, he saw all things.
Just lingering to place the snake on his afflicted friend lifeless legs, and seeing him, too, restored, the husband hastened home to his wife, but as he ran, he beheld her coming out to him.
“Yoo, yoo, my husband, I have come to find you! I still love thee!"
At that moment, she beheld that his eyesight was restored, she was exceeding glad, and greatly did she rejoice.



Returning later that day to her father's farm, he went ahead and proudly knocked upon the farm house door.
Seeing the man, the father was afraid that the man had returned seeking revenge and he responded with the ringing sound of his ever present and trusty shotgun and the air was filled with burning buckshot and sheeringly hot smell of the salt peter, clouding the man's face, rendering him, again, totally blind...
And...
To the happy ending...
Seems that the village had a local ordnance of "standing your ground" so the father was not charged in the shooting and the newly, reblinded man was properly sentenced to three days in the police chief's tiger cage, out behind the police station...for trespassing...
Well, as you can see that the moral here is so clear...I hate to even have to note or point it out...seems like common sense...doesn't it?
Yes, it is so very true...
Yup! My fine fellow campers...
The moral here is that it is always better to call ahead rather than, to just show up...

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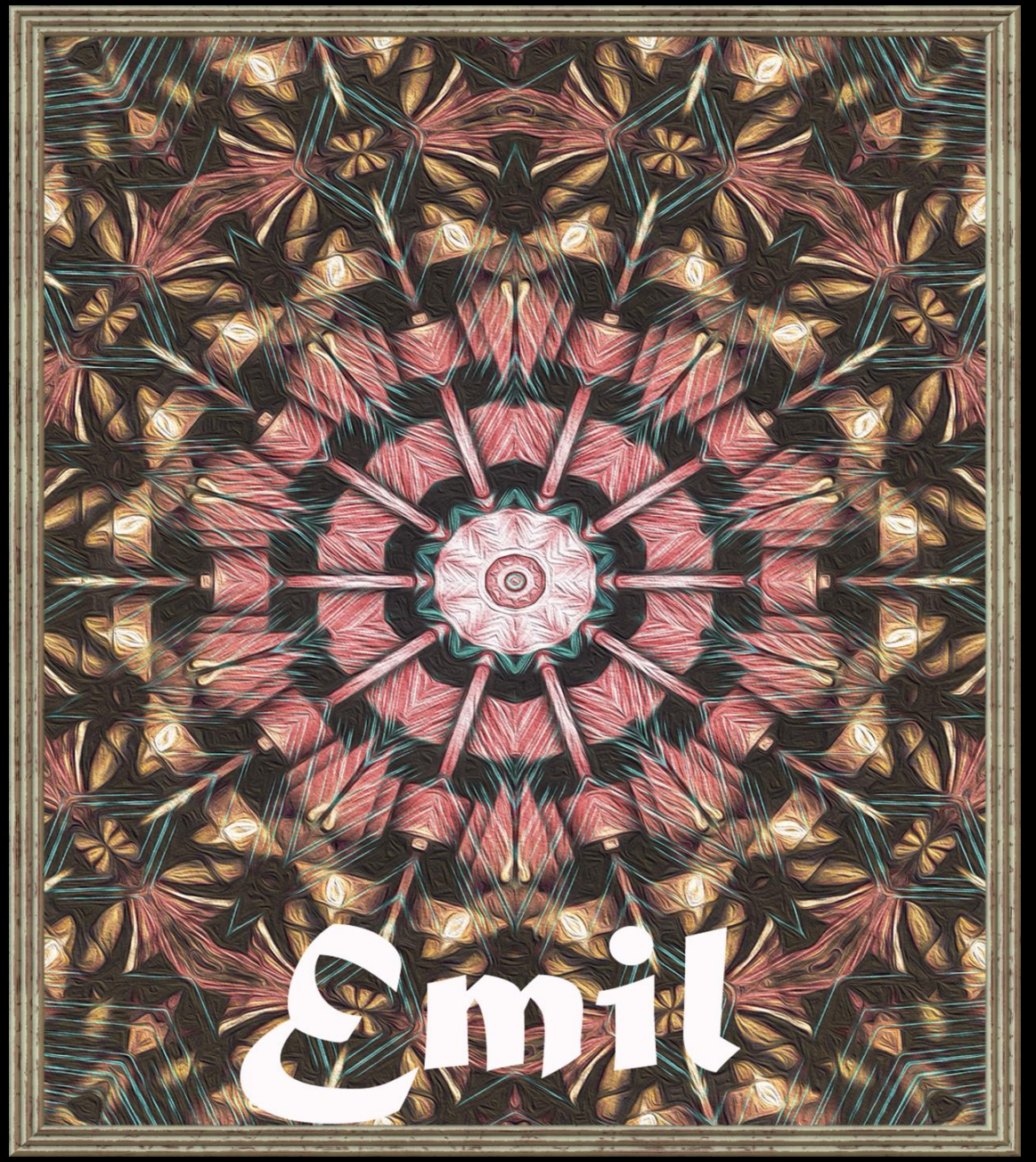
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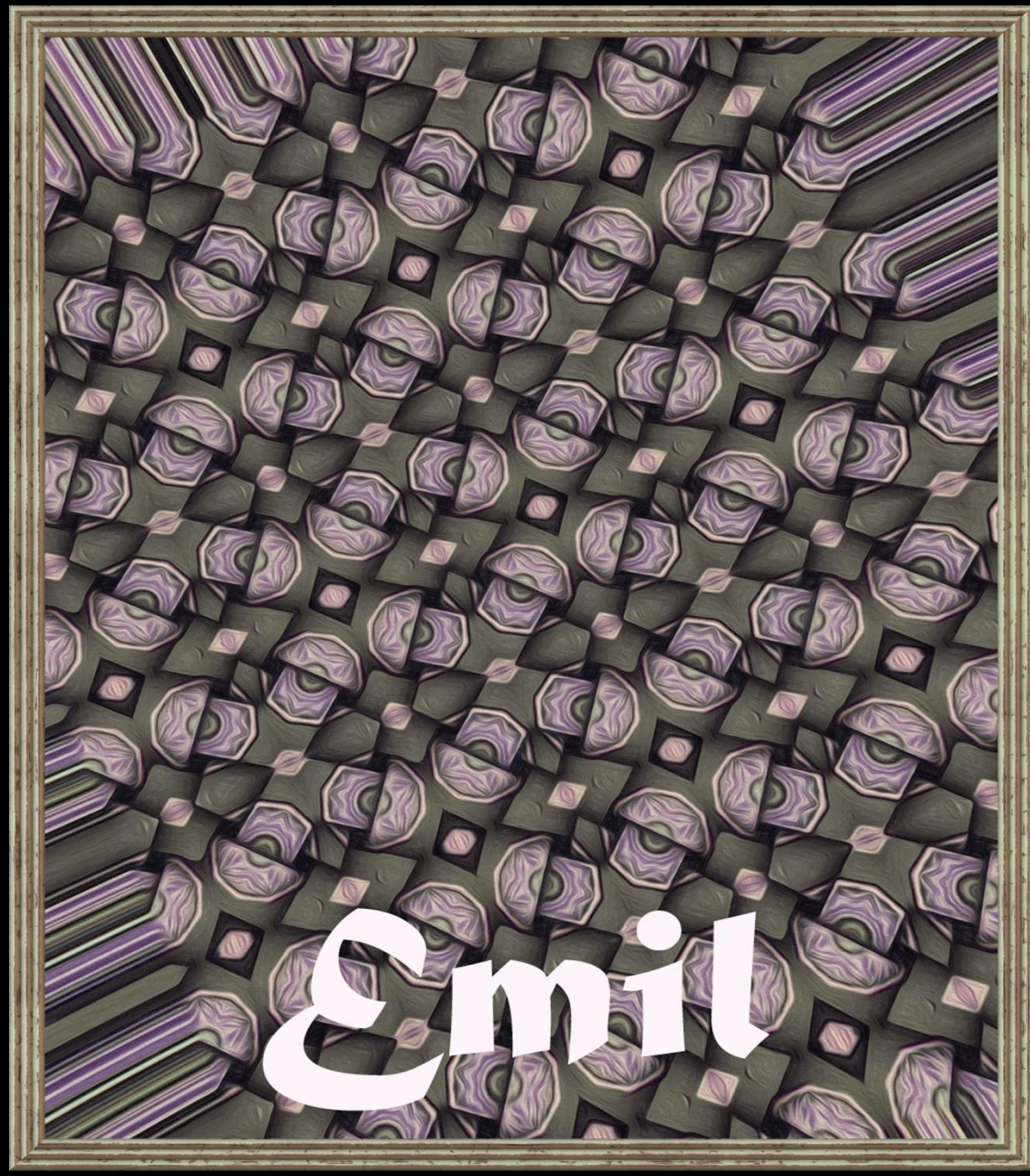
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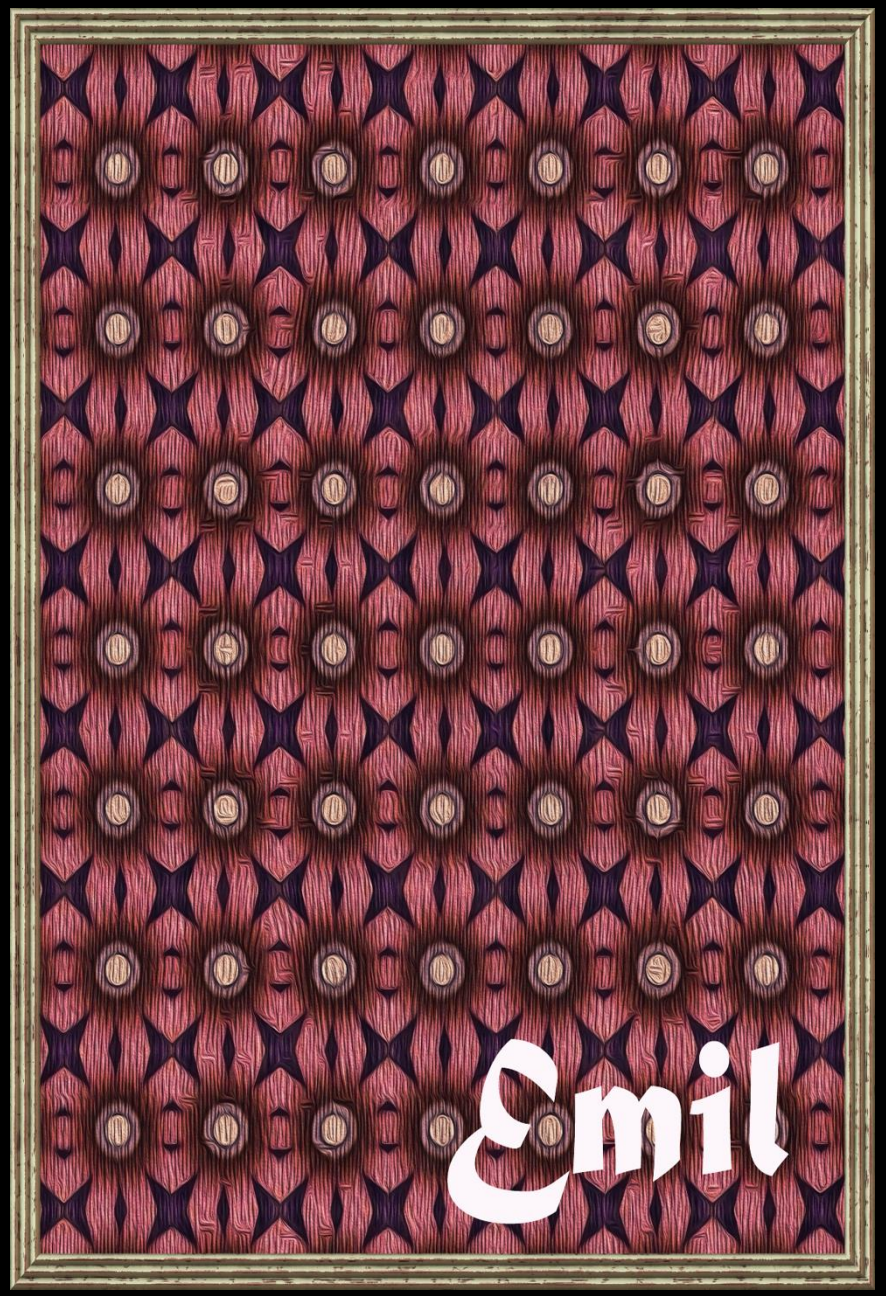
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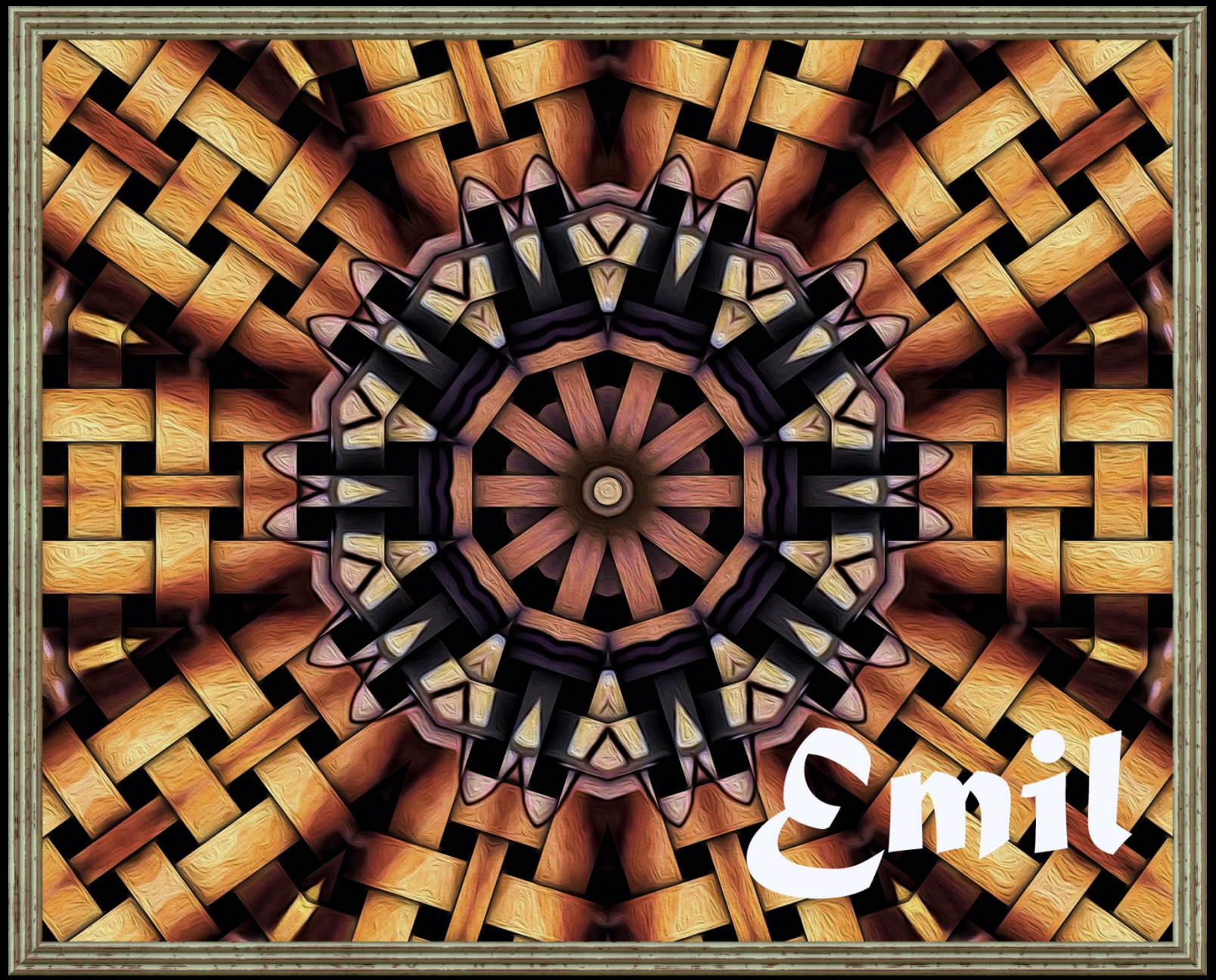
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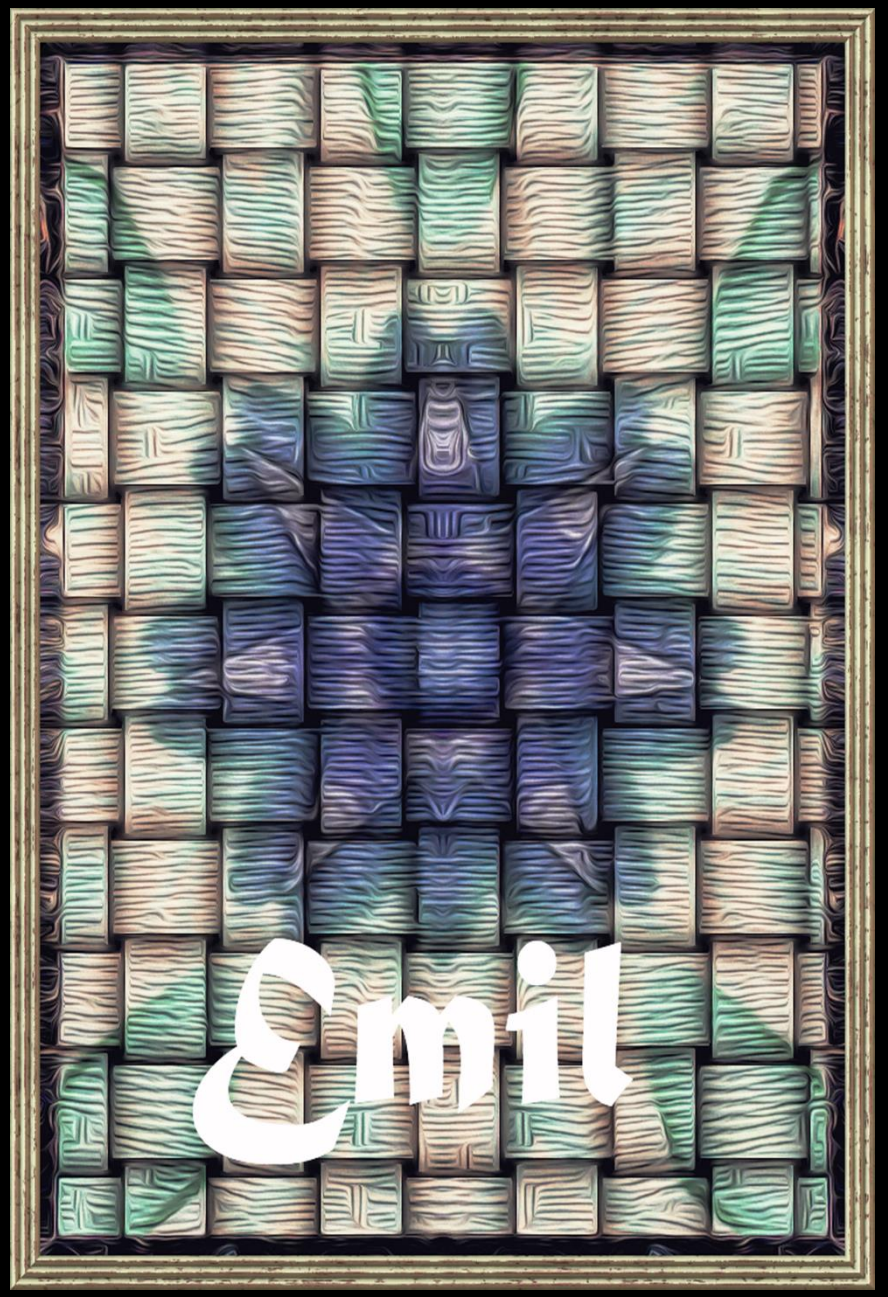
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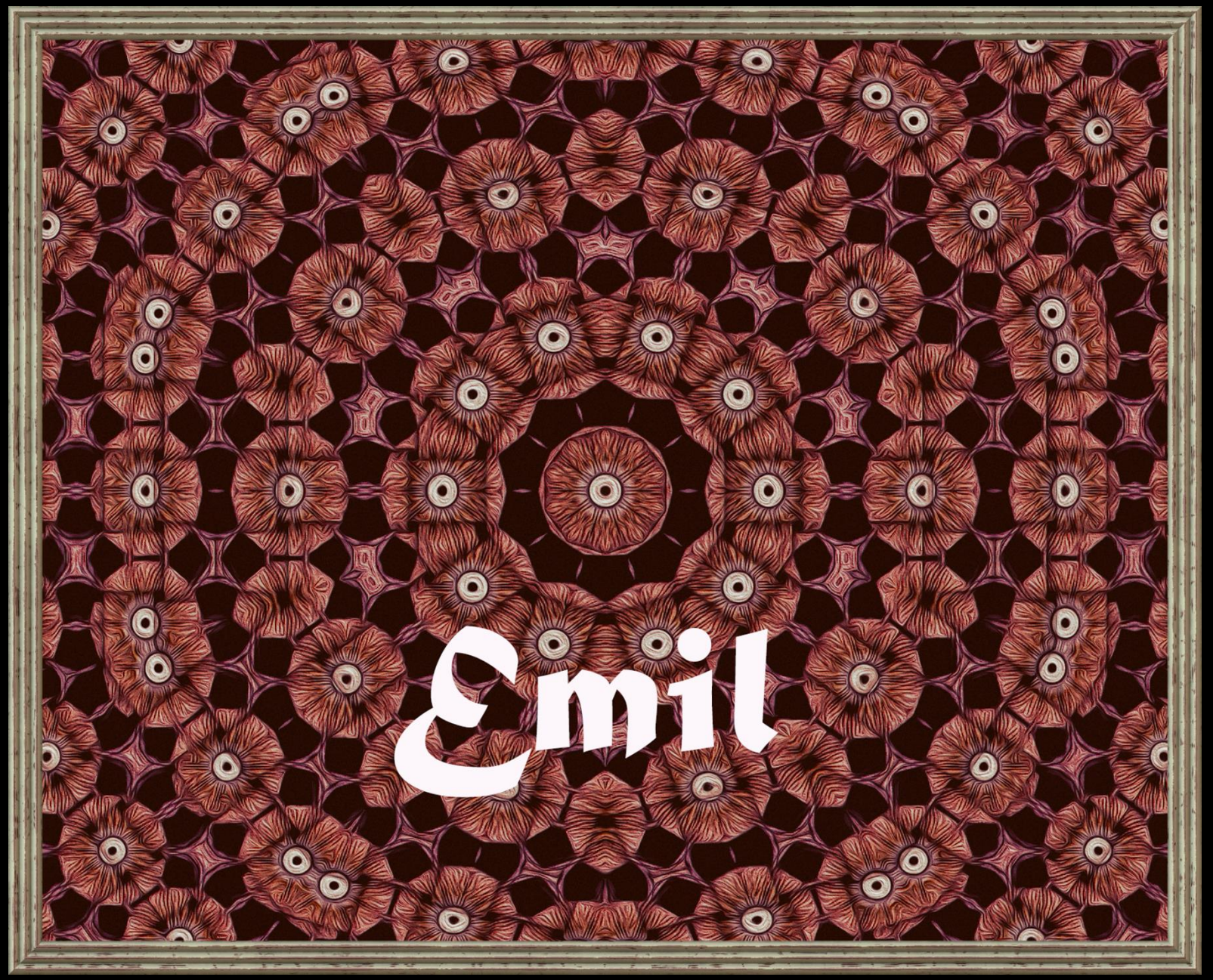
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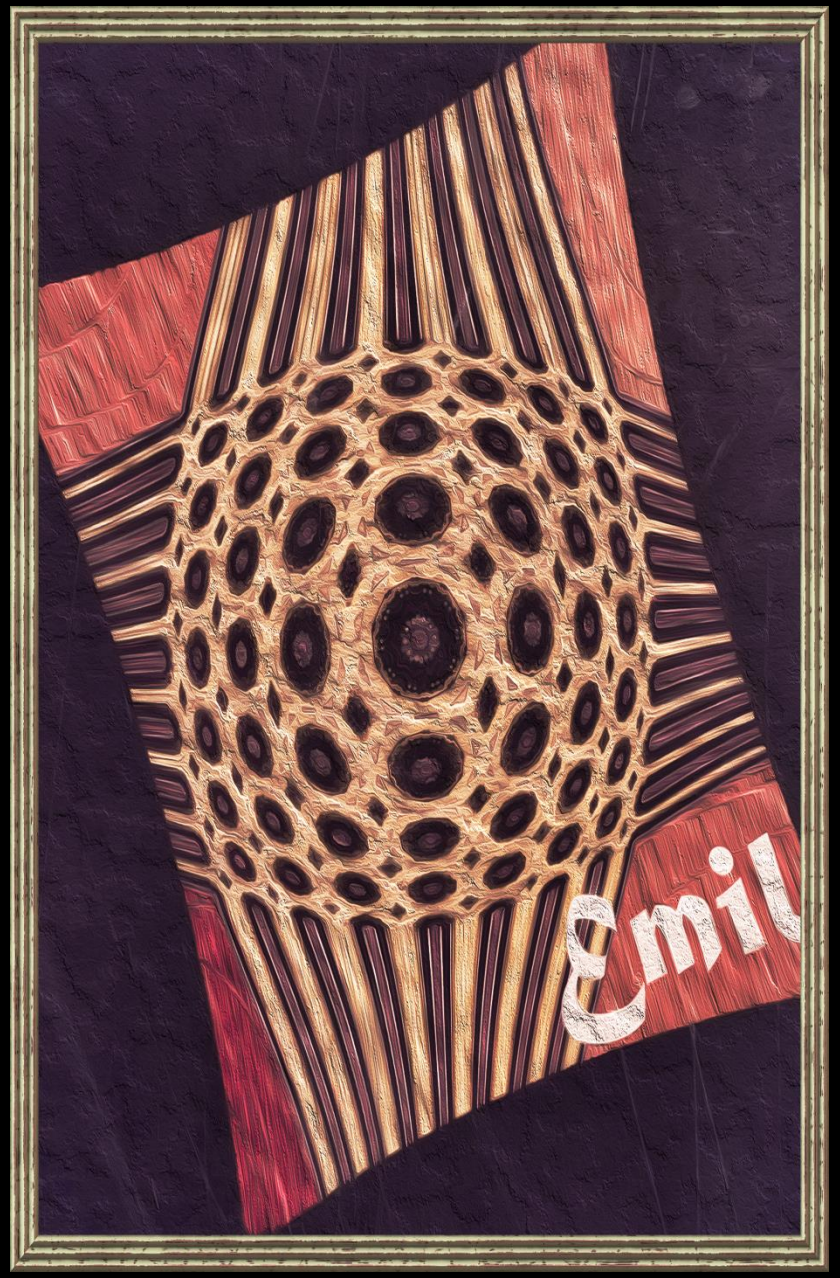
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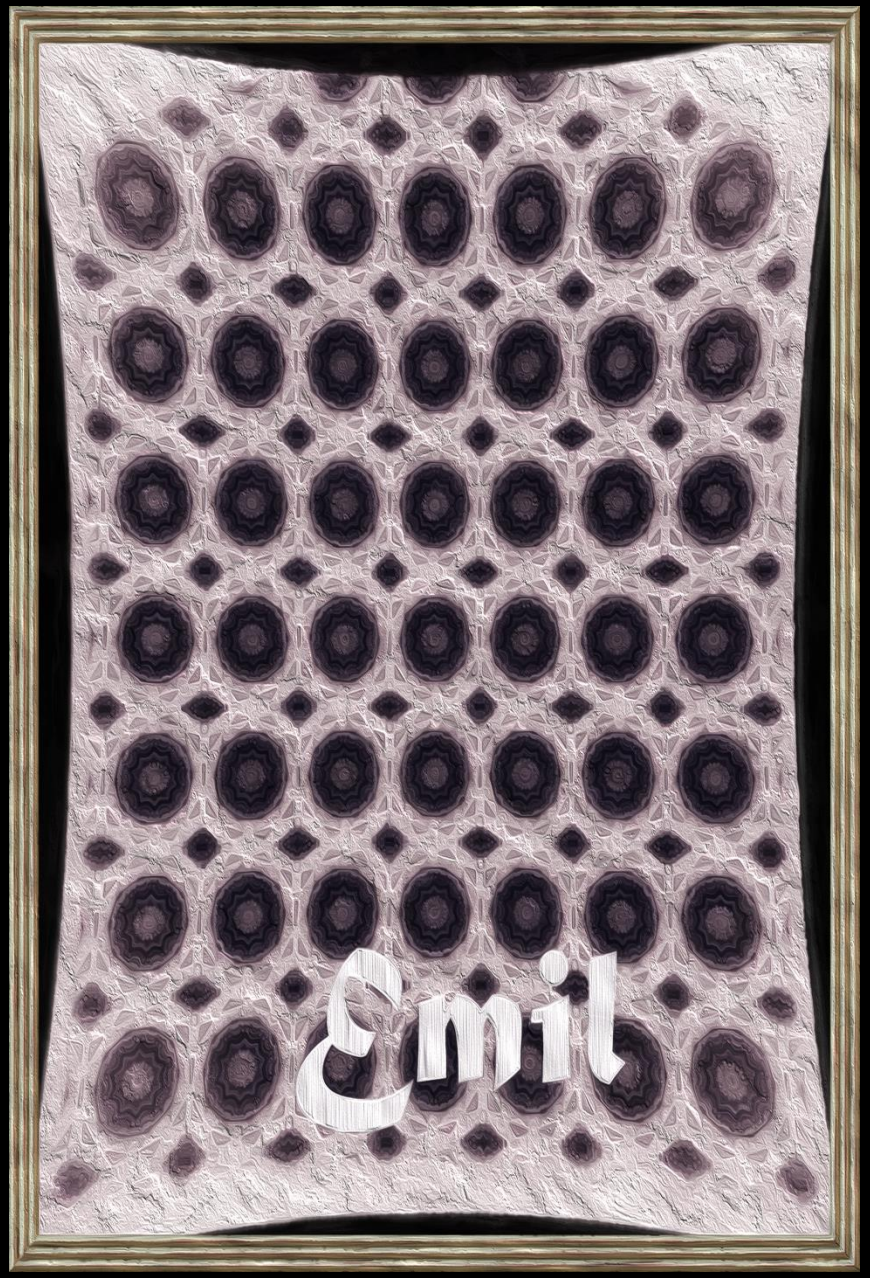
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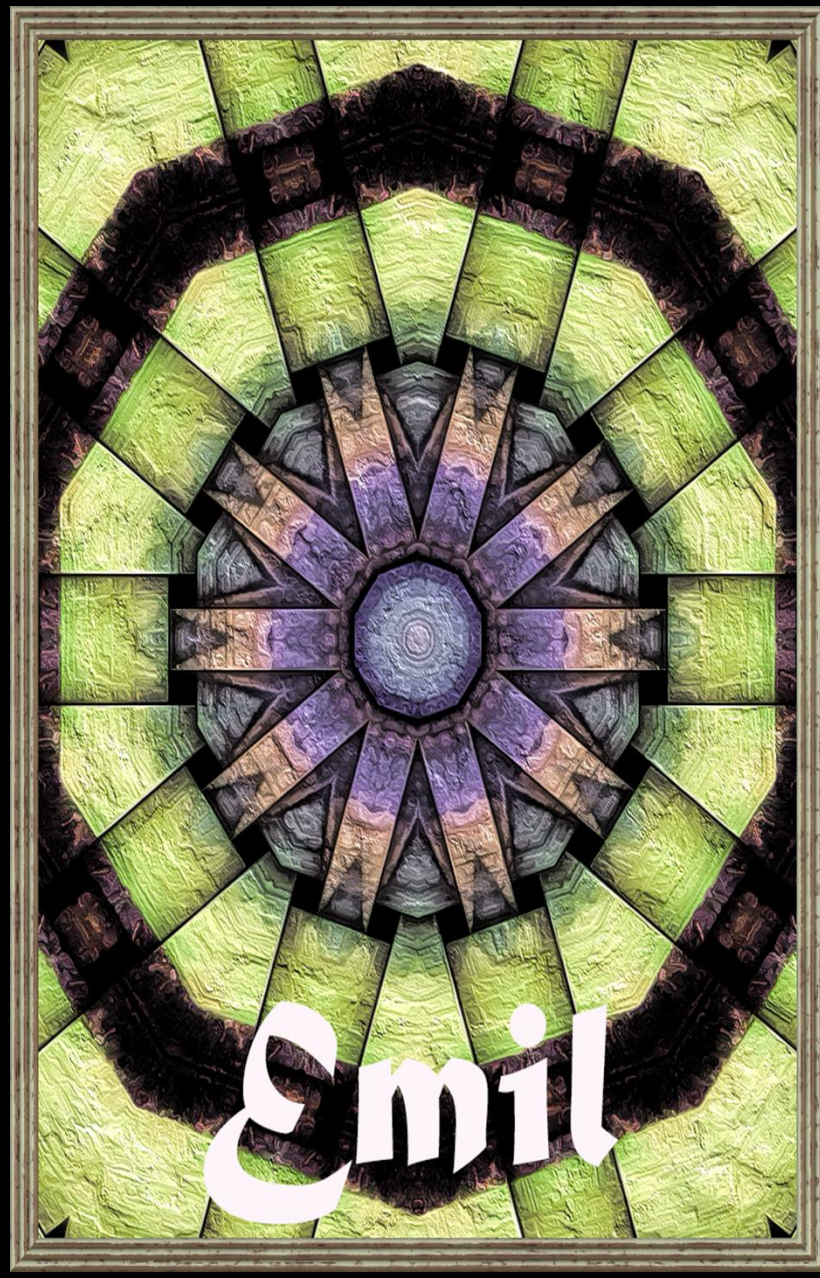
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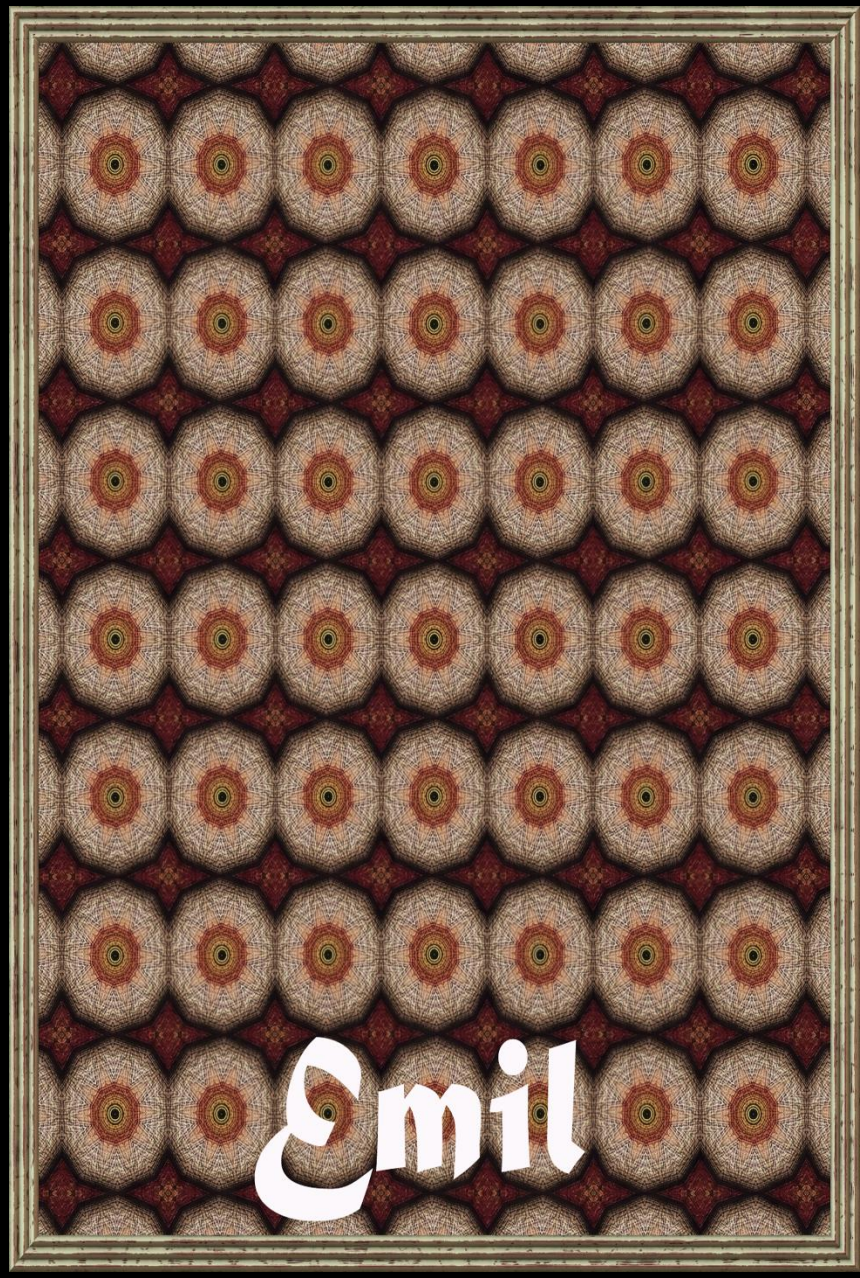
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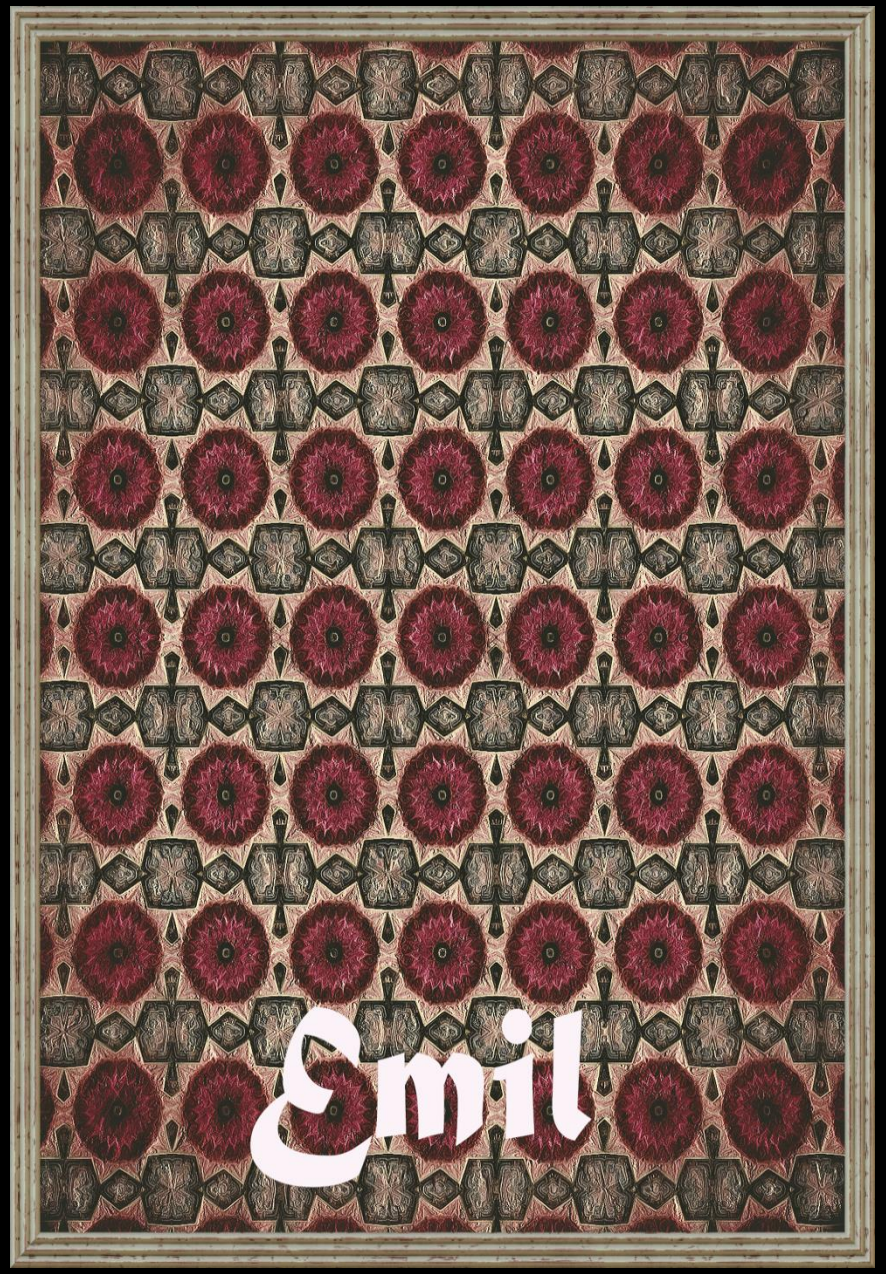
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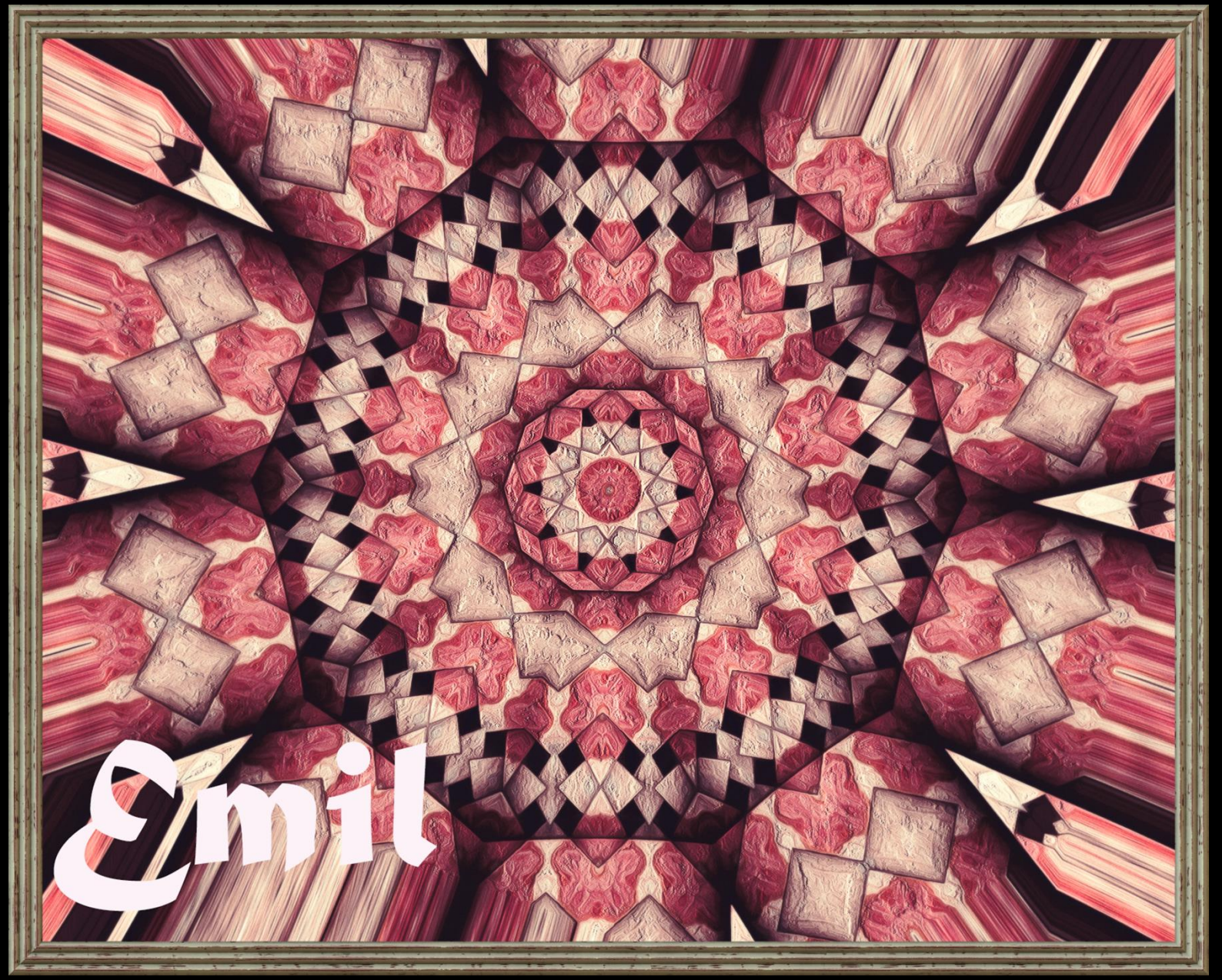
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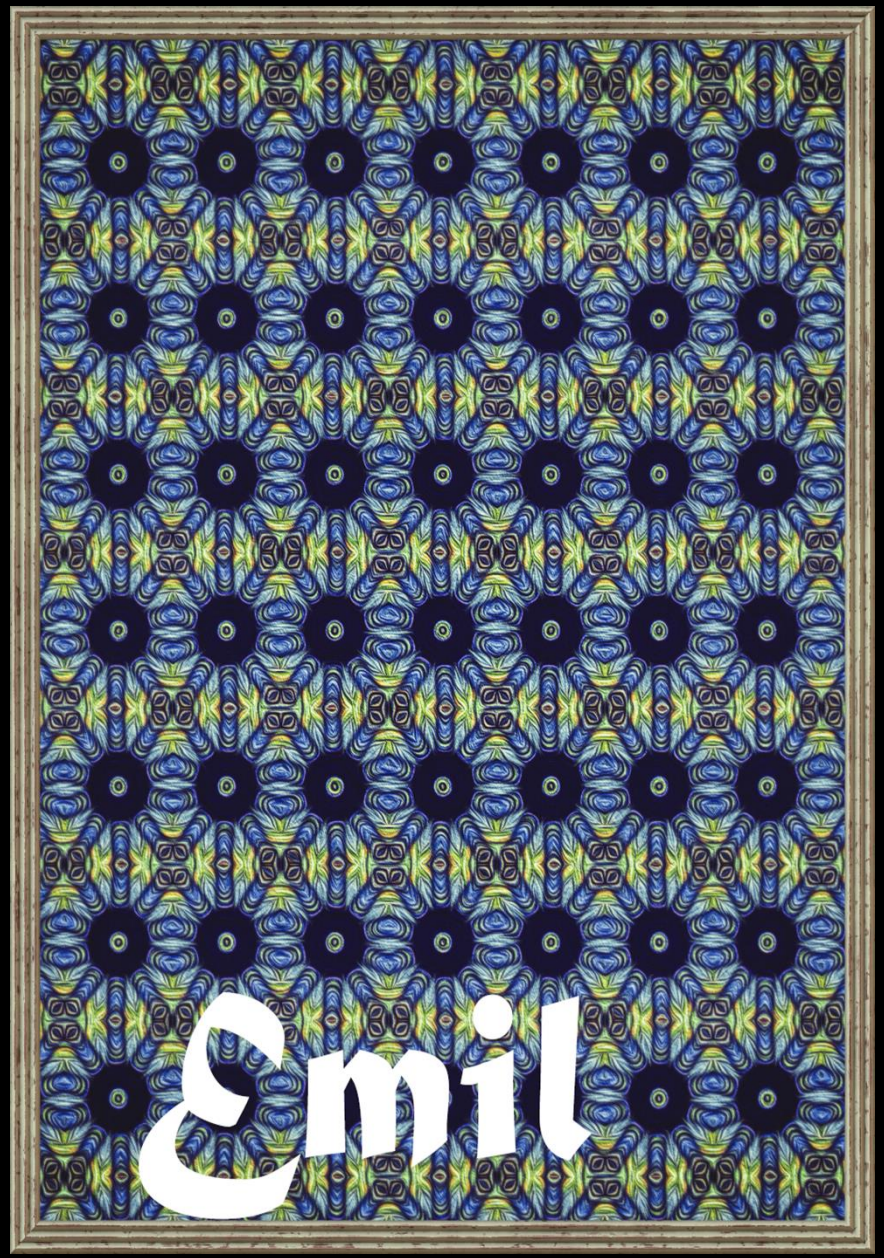
There was once a time when a man and his wife went a day's journey from their village to the bazaar to sell their wares, and it fell upon the day of their return that it rained heavily, and as they hurried along the highway, they sought shelter from the head priest of a temple.
He, however, would not even let them enter.
They begged to be permitted to sleep in the sheltered place at the head of the stairs, but this also the priest refused.
Angered, they went under the temple and there rested.
When the priest had lain down on his own mat in the room just over the place where the man and his wife were hidden, he heard the man say to his wife, "It will be good to be again with our young and beautiful daughter.
I trust all is well with her."
Having heard these words, the priest arose hastily and called,
"Come up, good people, and sleep in the temple. Here, too, are mats to rest upon."
And, as they talked of their beautiful daughter, the priest asked,
"When I am out of the temple, released from my vows, will you give me your daughter to wife?"
Looking at his wife, the husband replied, "It is good in our sight."



When the morning came and they wished to steam some rice for their breakfast, they had no pot, but the priest freely offered the use of his pot and insisted upon their using of the sacred wood for their fire, the wood which was used in propping the branches of the Po tree.
Being ready to go on their way, the priest presented them with gifts of food, silver and gold, saying,
"I will soon leave the priesthood and come to marry your beautiful daughter."
But three days had passed, when the man and his wife came again to the temple and told the priest that their daughter was dead, and a long time they all mourned together.
"I will ever remain true to my love for your daughter. Never will I leave the priesthood," vowed the priest, while the man and his wife returned to their home, spent the silver and gold the priest had given them, and cheerfully shared a belly laugh at his expense, for never had they had a daughter!

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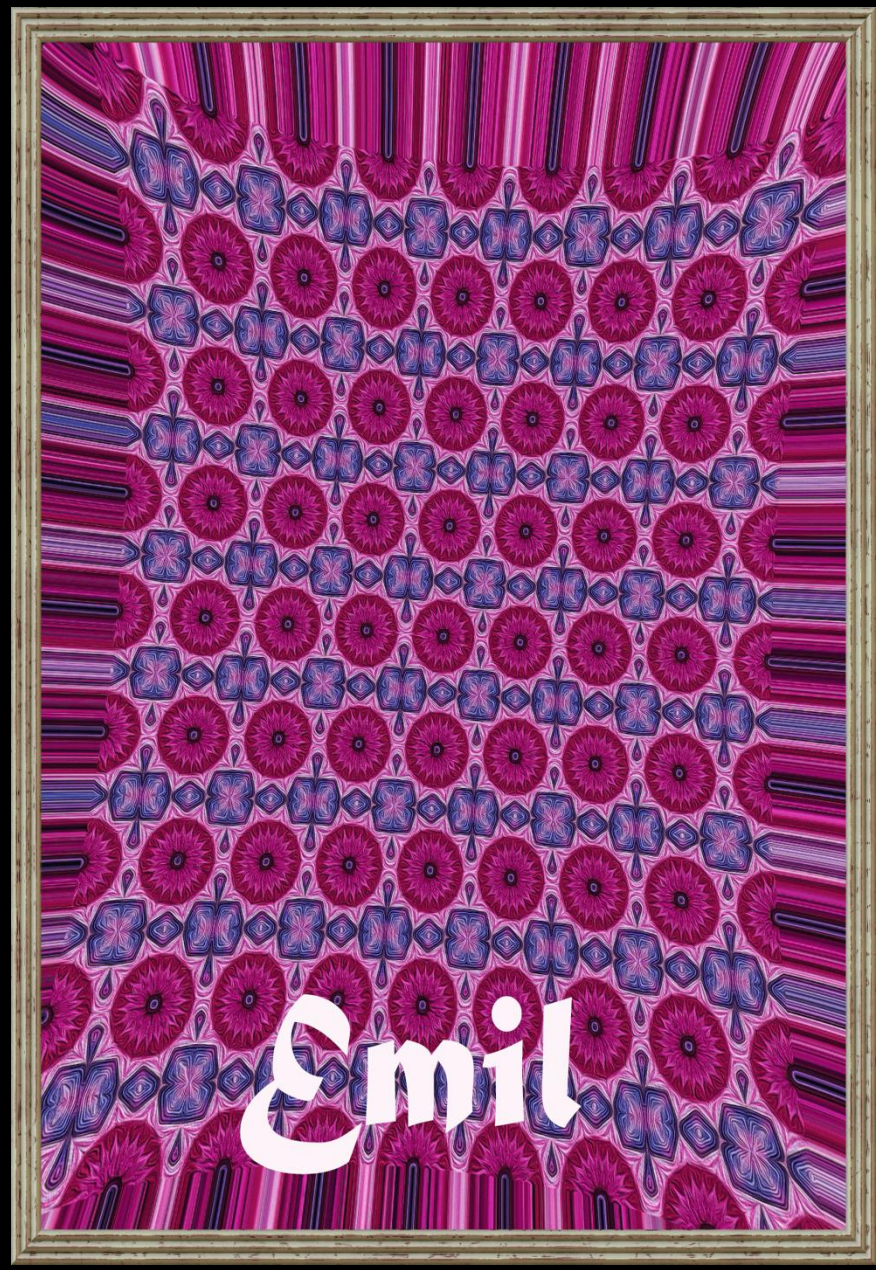
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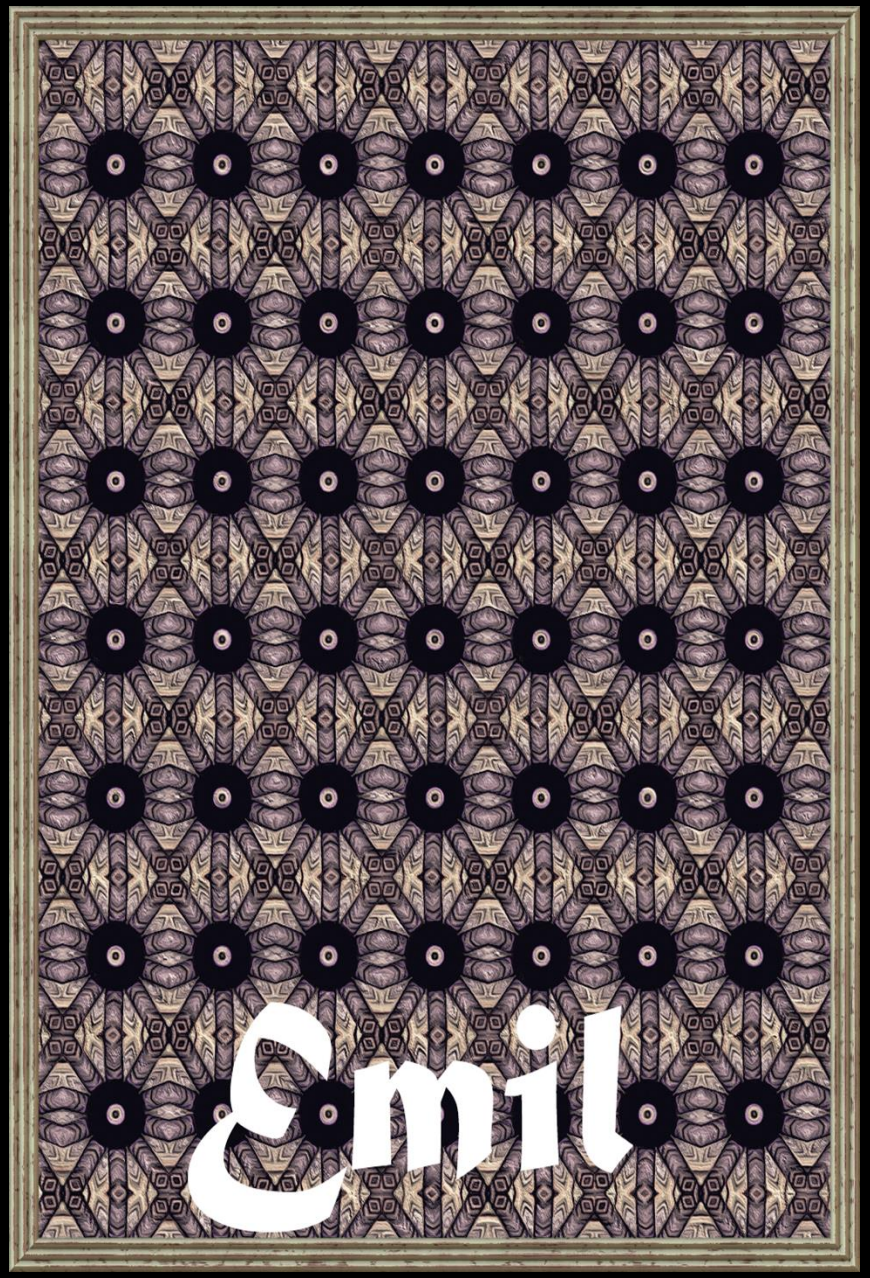
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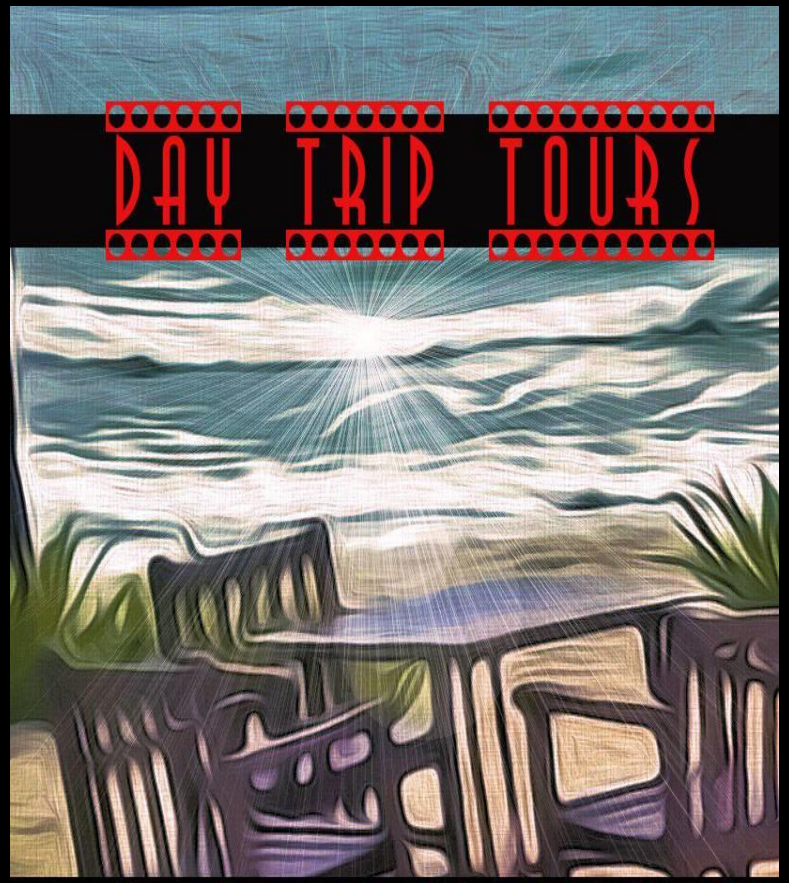

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